EDALJI'S CHALLENGE TO THE POLICE (SEE INSIDE.)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

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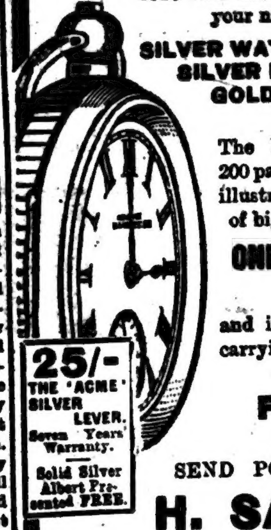

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Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. A. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

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Ladies should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Replingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

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Piano Learnt in a Week; entirely new system. Failure impossible, 1/-.—L. Henshaw, Publisher, Ilkeston.

"Ereuka," wonderfully powerful [illegible] Paste, costs 1d. per gallon; made in[illegible] ticulars, etc., free.—Mead, 2 Magda[illegible] Drogheda.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, [illegible] cured without drugs or baths, by scient[illegible] attacking cause. Particulars free.—D[illegible] (173), 73 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

High-Class Credit Tailoring, [illegible] coats, Ladies' Costumes.—Premier [illegible] 74 Fleet Street.

Conjuring Secrets.—List 1d.—E[illegible] House, Nether Street, N. Finchley, Lo[illegible]

A British Calculator instantly [illegible] Price 25/-. Invicta Works, Stoke [illegible]

The I.R.S. Golden Compound Ta[illegible] of priceless value to all ladies. They affo[illegible] every instance—frequently in a few hou[illegible] with ease, prepared with drugs worth their wei[illegible] gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Stee[illegible] Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. I[illegible] post free in plain wrapper, 1/3; (treble quantity [illegible]) Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. W., 145 S[illegible] well Road, London.

Five Pounds per week earned by Page D[illegible] men. Endorsements by England's Largest Adverti[illegible] Send for Illustrated Book on Advertising.—Page D[illegible] Advertising School (Dept. X), 195 Oxford Str[illegible] London, W.

Your Future. 3d.—Fred Easthope, Astrolo[illegible] Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mendine Mends Everything.—China, Gla[illegible] Wood, Leather, Rubber, etc. Sold everywhere [illegible] tubes, 2d., 4d., and 6d.—Mendine, Ltd., Tooley Stree[illegible] London, S.E.

Eczema.—Free testing bottle of certain cure [illegible] sufferers sending post-card. Hundreds of testi[illegible] monials.—Mr. L. Schutte, 177 High Holborn, London

New Dogs Act.—Leather collar, brass studded any size, 1/4, with name, address engraved; post free. Approval.—Cant, Engraver, Mattersey, Bawtry

A Beautiful Gold Watch, guaranteed, for 50 cash. If it is not convenient to pay it all at once, y[illegible] may secure one by sending 5/-, and when you ha[illegible] paid 9 further instalments of 5/-, a handsome gu[illegible] will be sent free.—Carr, 328 Lichfield Rd., Birmingha[illegible]

Ladies' High-class, Second-hand Clothing. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Gre[illegible] London.

[A]ll Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.
TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 865. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 14, 1907. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

EDALJI'S OWN STORY.

The Narrative of Eighteen Years' Persecution.

. . Written by GEORGE EDALJI Exclusively for this Paper. . .

EARLY in 1903 was perpetrated a cattle-maiming outrage of the most revolting and hideous nature in the neighbourhood of Great Wyrley, Staffordshire. This crime was soon followed by others of a similar kind, and it was only too apparent from the nature of the wounds inflicted that all were the work of the same person. The police attempted to fathom the mystery, but failed.

On August 17th, 1903, came the outrage on a pony belonging to the Great Wyrley Colliery Company, and for this deed the police arrested George Edalji, the son of the Vicar of Great Wyrley. He was tried on evidence of the most unsatisfactory character, and finally sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. In spite of his arrest and imprisonment, however, the outrages continued for a time.

Many of George Edalji's friends used every effort to arrive at the truth, and chief amongst these was Mr. R. D. Yelverton (late Chief Justice of the Bahamas). The result is that after serving three years of his sentence he has now been released on ticket of leave. Sir A. Conan Doyle, who is firmly convinced of Edalji's innocence, is using his powerful pen on the young man's behalf.

Now for the first time Mr. George Edalji has put his pen to paper with the object of telling the whole history of his persecution. This story is published in the sincere belief that the wide publicity it will naturally obtain throughout the British Empire will arouse further sympathy for the unfortunate victim of a cruel plot, and will result in the truth being discovered and proper compensation awarded to Mr. Edalji.

Note.—The correct way to pronounce Mr. Edalji's name is Ee—di—gee, with the accent on the first syllable.

WHAT MR. EDALJI TOLD US LAST WEEK.

MR. EDALJI's persecution began in the summer of 1888, when his father received many letters purporting to come from the publisher of an evening newspaper. The publisher had no knowledge of them, and the writer could not be discovered. Ultimately the missives became abusive, the author of them threatening to shoot Mr. Edalji senior. When the police took the matter up they arrested a girl employed as servant by the Edaljis. She was bound over to keep the peace, her solicitor stating it was just a foolish joke on her part.

In 1892 a fresh series of abusive letters were received at Great Wyrley Vicarage. They were undoubtedly written by an educated person, and contained terrible abuse and threats to murder George Edalji and some of his relations. The assistance of the police was again called in, but the annoyance, instead of diminishing, became more acute. Whereas the letters before had been delivered through the post, they now were pushed under the doors after dark. The police eventually arrested two men who were discovered skulking under some shrubs at the Vicarage; but as they had been bent on bird catching, not letter delivering, nothing further was done in the matter.

Annoyance far greater than that caused by the letters was engendered by the hoaxes perpetrated between 1892 and 1895. Tradesmen were asked to send to the Vicarage all manner of things; wines, books, and medicines were but a few. Detectives were requested to call to undertake delicate commissions. Forged libellous advertisements were inserted in London and provincial papers—even the TIMES and STANDARD were victimised—and forged public apologies were also printed.

In 1892 George Edalji himself had accusations made against him by the police. In the first instance he was accused of placing a leaflet so as to make it appear as though it had been put under the door. Afterwards they insinuated that he knew something about a key which was discovered on the kitchen doorstep of the Vicarage. Neither of these charges was proceeded with.

At this time trivial articles were being found on the Vicarage lawn, thrown over the wall by some miscreant. As no notice was taken of them, this form of annoyance ceased, but the letters and advertisements went on as usual.

"A DOSE OF PENAL SERVITUDE."

Two and a half years after the "key incident" my father was informed that Captain Anson had stated he knew the offender's name, and immediately wrote to ask who it was. The chief constable's reply was as follows:

> I did not tell Mr Perry that I knew the name of the offender, though I told him I had my suspicions. I prefer to keep my suspicions to myself until I am able to prove them, and I trust to obtain a dose of penal servitude for the offender, as although great care has apparently been taken to avoid anything which would constitute any serious offence in law, the person who writes the letters has over-reached himself in two or three instances in such a manner as to render him liable to the most serious punishment. I have no doubt the offender will be detected.

Some points in this letter are very striking. (1) Captain Anson had at last got some "suspicions" as to the offender's identity; but (2) although the annoyances had continued uninterruptedly for three years, he was still unable to prove anything at all!

It is probable Captain Anson's "suspicions" were, as in the key incident, directed to myself, and, if so, I have no doubt the real letter-writer was also responsible for such suspicions, though how Captain Anson expected to get the offender into a convict prison, instead of a lunatic asylum, he can perhaps best explain for himself.

In reference to this letter, I cannot do better than quote Sir A. Conan Doyle's comments:

"Now, it must be admitted that this is a rather sinister letter. It follows after eighteen months upon the previous one in which he accuses George Edalji by name. The letter was drawn from him by the father's complaint of gossip in the neighbourhood, and the allusion to the skill of the offender in keeping within the law has a special meaning, in view of the fact that young Edalji was already a law student.

"Without mentioning a name, he assures Edalji's father that the culprit may get a dose of penal servitude. No doubt, the chief constable honestly meant every word he said, and thought that he had excellent reasons for his conclusions; but the point is that if the Staffordshire police took this attitude towards young Edalji in 1895, what chance of impartiality had he in 1903, when a culprit was wanted for an entirely new set of crimes? It is evident that their minds were steeped in prejudice against him, and that they were in the mood to view his actions in the darkest light."

In 1894 many trivial articles were thrown over the wall on to the vicarage lawn at night time. A bundle of leather bootlaces was once discovered there. Sketches of some of the other things appear on this page and overleaf.

In December, 1895, this second series of letters came to an end. About that time the sergeant to whom I have made reference left the district.

Commenting on these annoyances, the editor of TRUTH (February 9th, 1905), in the course of an admirably lucid article on my case, says:

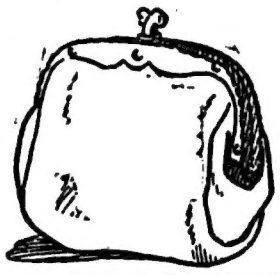
> I do not suggest that his (the sergeant's) departure was in any way connected with the cessation of the annoyances; neither do I suggest that there was any foundation for the suspicion which Mr. Edalji entertained respecting him. Whatever suspicions may have been entertained on one side or the other, there is, as I have said, no evidence in existence as to the identity of the author of these annoyances, and I have merely mentioned Sergeant ——'s name as a necessary part of the history of the case.

Whether the girl who wrote the 1888 letters was also concerned in the second series is very doubtful—certain it is she was not the actual writer, and I think we may dismiss her threat to have revenge as a mere reckless assertion without meaning anything. The fact of her being named in the forged "apologies" is not, however, easily explained, unless it was introduced as a ruse, and it is a remarkable fact that no attempt is made in these advertisements to exonerate her from writing the first lot of letters, nor was any reference made to that series in the 1892-5 letters, except that the name "Thomas Hitchings" was once introduced.

I have not, therefore, discussed these two series of letters with a view to showing any necessary connection between them, but for other reasons, which will presently appear.

OUTRAGES BEFORE MY ARREST.

From the end of 1895 to the end of 1902 there was a seven years' truce at Wyrley. Letters, hoaxes, and forgeries came to an abrupt termination, and after a few years my father destroyed most of the amazing documents he had received and consigned the whole matter to oblivion.



A cheap-looking leather purse was thrown over the fence one night.

But if the years 1892-5 had been astonishing ones for the neighbourhood, the years 1903-4 were destined to place them very far in the background for developments of so sensational a nature as probably no English village has ever before experienced.

It was early in 1903 that the first of the long series of cattle-maiming outrages—outrages of the most revolting and hideous character, and soon to create a reign of terror in the district and an almost unparalleled sensation throughout the country—was perpetrated.

The crime was quickly followed by others of a like nature, and from the fact of all the wounds being inflicted in precisely the same manner, the opinion became general that, as in the case of the Whitechapel horrors of 1888-9 (to which these atrocities bear a striking resemblance, the only difference being that animals were substituted for women), the whole of the outrages were the work of the same person, who was believed to be a maniac.

The crimes were all committed at night, and the darker the night, the better it seemed to suit the purposes of the assailant.

The plan adopted by the perpetrator was to rip open the animal with some sharp instrument, and with such ferocity did he do his ghastly work that in several instances almost the whole of the victims' internal organs were deposited on the ground.

Prior to February 2nd, 1903, no serious outrage had occurred, but it appears that some time earlier sheep had been found mutilated, though it was thought, at first, that barbed wire fencing sufficiently accounted for it.

One morning an empty phial was found.

On the date mentioned a horse belonging to Mr. Holmes was shockingly injured. Had this been an isolated case, or the owner an unpopular man, it might have been assumed the crime was committed out of spite; but it appears he had no enemies in the neighbourhood. On April 2nd, a cob, the property of Mr. Thomas, was so badly mutilated that it had to be immediately destroyed. The same method appeared to be adopted in both cases, and a similar weapon used.

A month later a cow of Mrs. Bungay's was killed in a like manner. On May 14th a horse of Mr.

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"Are We Misusing Sunday?" by Edward H. Cooper, appears in the February RAPID, published on February 12th.

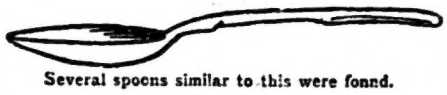
Badger's was the victim, it being frightfully mutilated. On the same day some sheep belonging to Mr. Green were also destroyed.

On June 6th, two cows, the property of Messrs. Harrison and Co., suffered the same fate, and three weeks later two valuable horses belonging to the Quinton Colliery Co. (Blewitt's) were killed. Next (August 17th), came the outrage on a pony of the Great Wyrley Colliery Company's, for which I was arrested, and about which I will say more hereafter.

THE THIRD SERIES OF LETTERS.

In connection with the outrages, there have been a large number of anonymous letters of a sensational nature, and which may be divided into three sub-series.

The first of these sub-series commenced on July 1st, 1903, and ended on August 4th, just a fortnight before my arrest. The second sub-series were received between the dates of my arrest and trial, and the third lot came to hand after my conviction.



Several spoons similar to this were found.

The first of these sub-series are of great importance, as they were alleged to be in my writing, and were wrongfully used as evidence against me at the trial. I shall not, however, discuss them till a later stage; but it is necessary to draw attention to them in order to explain the following passages in a letter, dated November 8th, 1903, and sent by the chief constable to the Hon. R. D. Yelverton of 3 Pump Court, Temple, who is the late Chief Justice of the Bahamas, and who was then preparing a petition to the Home Office on my behalf:

> I beg to acknowledge your further letter enclosing some more testimonials to George Edalji's general good character. It is right to tell you that you will find it a simple waste of time to attempt to prove that George Edalji could not, owing to his position and alleged good character, have been guilty of writing offensive and abominable letters. His father is as well aware as I am of his proclivities in the direction of anonymous writing, and several other people have personal knowledge on the same subject.

This letter was written only sixteen days after my conviction, at a time when another outrage had just occurred, and when the whole district was being inundated with threatening letters of all kinds.

The tin protector from a lead pencil was found.

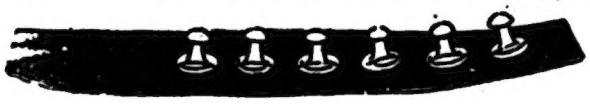
Mr. Yelverton promptly wrote to the chief constable for further particulars of his allegations, and for the names of the "several other people," but to this letter the captain did not reply.

The reason for this silence is easy to understand when I say that the allegations about my previous performances in anonymous writing were entirely without foundation; that I, not having written any such letters, my father had no knowledge of my "proclivities" in that direction; that the police could have had no knowledge of such proclivities, but only "suspicions," which, of course, they were "not able to prove"; and, lastly, that the "several other people" were undoubtedly identical with the person or persons from whom the police received their information about the stolen key—in other words, the actual letter-writer or writers.

Never in my life have I written any anonymous letters, and it was a cruel blow to my family to have it alleged my dear father knew I was addicted to such base practices.

In commenting on this letter, the editor of TRUTH, in the article to which I have already referred, says:

> It is scarcely necessary to point out what a flood of light it throws upon the spirit in which the police set to work to make out their case against this young man in 1903, or its bearing on the various fragments of circumstantial evidence, all depending upon the impartiality and credibility of policemen, which, in conjunction with Mr. Gurrin's "expert" evidence, procured his conviction. . . . When the chief police officer of the county is capable of writing in this strain to a gentleman investigating the case for the purpose of a petition to the Home Secretary, it is not likely that his subordinates will fail to play up to him.



Half a dozen collar-studs on the customary piece of blue cardboard were found on the lawn one morning.

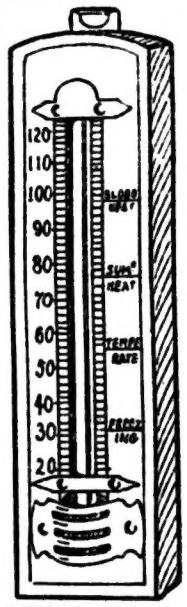
EDALJI'S CHALLENGE.

I may mention here that the anonymous letters given in evidence at my trial did not commence till *after* the police had begun to watch my home. In other words, it was not that the receipt of anonymous letters in 1903 reminded the police of those suspicions, of which they had no proof in 1895; but that, without having had such letters at all, the police began to watch my home, and that after this watching had begun, some person, who was apparently aware of the movements of the police, commenced fabricating evidence to connect me with the outrages, his method being to inclose anonymous letters in envelopes purporting to be addressed to me.

I am aware it has been repeatedly said by apologists for the police that they were not to blame in suspecting me because they had received these incriminating letters, and I call upon them and their supporters to now justify their actions as far as possible by producing some letter implicating me, and shown by the post-mark to have been posted before the police, on their own evidence, commenced to watch the vicarage—that is before June 30th, 1903. No such letter was produced at the trial, and the inference is there were none to produce.

If, on the other hand, the police set a watch on my home, owing to information received verbally or from some person who was not afraid to write in his own name, then I call upon them to state the name of this individual, when I shall not be surprised to find that my secret defamer is none other than the actual writer of the 1903 series of letters, and possibly of the 1892-5 series also.

I know some people will raise the objection that it is not customary to divulge the channels whereby information has been conveyed to the police. In ordinary cases I agree that there are good reasons for this non-disclosure; but as mine is not an ordinary case, but one of the most remarkable that has ever been brought to the public notice, I insist that not only in my own interests and in the interests of justice, but also in the interests of the Staffordshire constabulary, whose honour and reputation are at stake, it is of paramount importance that they should brush aside all red tapeism and technicalities, and plainly state, without further delay, how it was they came to set a watch upon my home on June 30th, 1903.



A little thermometer was thrown on the lawn one night; it was just an ordinary yellow one, about six inches in length.

I feel confident, however, that they have simply been hoodwinked and imposed upon by the rascal who gave him the information about the stolen key, and who was concerned in the hoaxes and forgeries, and I shall hope to learn that, even at this eleventh hour, the police are not so wholly lost to every sense of justice as to refuse such information as must, in my opinion, inevitably lead to the elucidation of the mystery attaching to the various offensive letters.

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

As, in my opinion, the police were, to say the least, unfavourably disposed towards me from the beginning, the next point to consider is their position and standing in the district at the time of my arrest. Did they possess the entire confidence of the community? Unfortunately not.

When the outrage preceding that for which I was convicted was perpetrated, and, as usual, no arrest followed, public indignation knew no bounds, and the feeling became general that the police were either wholly incompetent or, in any case, not adopting proper methods to detect the offender. Their failures were severely criticised at parish council meetings and elsewhere.

Let us now see if there were any reasonable grounds for this feeling, and I think I shall satisfy my readers that there were. Outrages of the most atrocious nature had been perpetrated with impunity for months; the crimes were all (except in the case of sheep) committed in precisely the same manner; they were all carried out in the parish of Wyrley, the scenes of the respective tragedies were not far apart, and, moreover, were confined to an area supposed to be well watched by the police.

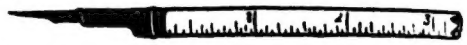
Numbers of "detectives"—in other words, constables, not in uniform—had been drafted into the village from the outlying districts, and like the old gentleman, of whom we read in the first chapter of the "Book of Job," they appear to have spent most of their time in going to and fro in the parish, and walking up and down in it.

Further, they were above considering any sensible suggestions made to them, and those who had the temerity to approach them with a friendly hint were roughly told to mind their own business.

A scheme suggested by the principal farmers was as follows: First night all cattle owners but one were to shut up their animals. The remaining one was to let his roam in certain fields, which were to be carefully guarded. Next night the "trap" was to be set on another farmer's land, and so on. But because the police did not think of this scheme themselves they ignored it altogether.

A suggestion of my own that they should employ bloodhounds was also scouted as "impracticable," and I was informed that the police "didn't take kindly" to such suggestions, and were also "very much put about" at my making some remarks reflecting on their conduct under the following circumstances: A man who had missed the last train was walking home along the road from Walsall, when three constables in plain clothes pounced upon him from behind a hedge, and in an abusive manner ordered him to stop. The man happened to have his week's earnings on him, and from the appearance and manner of the police he thought they were highway robbers, and promptly took to his heels, making for the nearest house. While calling for assistance, the constables came up, and instead of apologising were very insolent, told him he had no business to be out at night, and threatened to take him into custody. It was some time before he was allowed to proceed.

The "disguises" adopted by the police were of a very primitive description and utterly useless. The DAILY MAIL said, in reference to this matter:



A curious pen, with inches marked on the metal holder, was once noticed.

> A walk through the lanes when night has fallen proves everywhere the presence of watchers. Voices are heard several yards ahead, but not a soul can be found when the spot is reached. Sometimes out of the darkness would loom the absurdly palpable forms of three or four, betrayed by their very gait.

SCARED POLICEMEN.

Further, the police do not appear to have been of a particularly courageous disposition, but to have gone in mortal dread of the mysterious man on horseback who continued to do his evil deeds with impunity.

I will give an example of what I mean: At the police court hearing of my case, a sergeant, who had a number of constables under his charge, admitted he was so greatly alarmed at receiving a letter threatening to "shoot him through his thick head," that he dared not go to Wyrley again till he had got a revolver.

One can imagine the terror with which men frightened by mere threats of this sort would keep their lonely vigils at dead of night.

So much then to show:

(1) That the police had, at the time of my arrest, a preconceived and long-standing prejudice against me (*a*) in respect of the 1892-5 letters, and particularly regarding the "key" and "leaflet" incidents; (*b*) on account of some allegations I had made about their incompetence, and because I had said they were going the wrong way to find the criminal, and ought to try bloodhounds. (2) That the police were in bad odour in the district owing to their continued failures, and so were naturally anxious to effect an arrest at any cost, in order to divert public attention from themselves.

WATCHERS AMONG THE TOMBS.

I have pointed out that it was not until after the outrage preceding my arrest that my name came to be connected with these scandals. Blewitt's horses having been killed on June 29th, 1903, the police, according to their own evidence, began to watch my home the very next night.

Among the many curious things was a copying pencil broken in two.

The house and garden are situated well off the road, and surrounded by the churchyard, the school, and school-house, etc. (at which nobody resides), a tramway leading from Great Wyrley Colliery to Churchbridge, and a large field and garden.

It appears from the evidence that the watching was principally carried on from the churchyard, the police hiding among the graves; and the house is one which could be easily kept under observation without attracting the attention of the inmates or anyone else, and I had no knowledge of the watching whatever.

(Another instalment next week.)

DIDN'T you find it hard to choose a name for the baby?"

"Not at all. He has only one wealthy uncle, you see."

MRS. YOUNGE: "I want five pounds of sugar, please."

Grocer: "Yes'm; anything else?"

"No, that's all; I'll take it with me if it isn't too heavy."

"Oh, it will be quite a light weight, ma'am."

"I HAD to walk the floor all night with the baby. Can you think of anything worse than that?"

"Yes; you might have married out in Greenland, where the nights are six months' long."

SHOPWALKER (severely): "I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left."

New Shopwalker: "That's where they are."

Shopwalker: "Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain-counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain-counter, then three counters to the right past the counter where the millinery bargains are, and so on. You'll never make a shopwalker."

Some straight talk on how to win in "The Battle of Life" appears in the RAPID, published on February 12th.

World's Ends Which Never Came.

Amazing Effects of Unfulfilled Prophecies.

PROPHETS who exercise their truly wonderful powers in foretelling the end of the world are a very persevering, if a decidedly mischievous, folk. In many instances the effects of their foolish utterances on the ignorant and superstitious have been amazing.

It is owing to one such prophecy that a British sentry has for years now been keeping guard over an idol at Pegú, in Lower Burma. The tradition is that the idol is only asleep, and a long time ago the prediction was made that when he awakes the world will come to an end.

The Burmese have implicit belief in this prophecy, hence the British Government saw the wisdom of placing a guard over the idol in order that his slumbers should not be disturbed. Really the object is to prevent a feeling of unrest among the populace.

Not very long since some strange proceedings were reported from Alfred County, in Natal, as the result of a prediction that the end of the world was at hand. The prophet in this case was a nigger, who went so far as to foretell that there would be an awful gale of wind.

After this everybody would die, except a boy and a girl of each nationality, according to the prophet. His absurd predictions had such an effect on the minds of the natives that they set about killing fowls so that they could have a great final feast before the end came. Others who, after having been converted to Christianity, had reverted to the state of heathenism washed the red clay from their bodies, put on their clothing, and engaged in prayer.

Seven years ago there was a pretty general scare, caused by the forecast of the notorious Professor Falb that the world would be destroyed by a comet on November 13th following. In Russia and other countries it worked much mischief.

SELLING TICKETS FOR HEAVEN.

By the superstitious peasants of Novgorod it was accepted as truth. They disposed of their property at ridiculous prices, ceased their tilling of the land, and took strongly to drink. Amongst the workmen at Kharkoff the prophecy caused quite a panic.

They left the town in large numbers in order that they might spend their few remaining days amongst their own families in their native villages. This caused so much inconvenience at several factories that the aid of the police was called in to put a stop to the unreasoning migration.

Taking advantage of the flats, the sharps perpetrated some very artful swindles. Incredible as it may seem, one thoroughgoing rogue actually succeeded in disposing of a number of tickets for Heaven! The purchasers were extremely devout and no less ignorant Cossacks. Some of the tickets were marked "first row," and fetched very high prices.

In Tunis it was firmly believed that the prophecy would come true. At Tripoli all the labourers struck work, and the Arabs started firing volleys and holding religious meetings in preparation for the coming of the Prophet. The Jews were no less active, crowding their synagogues and imploring forgiveness for their sins.

A PROPHECY THAT BUILT CHURCHES.

But even in this enlightened country prophets have wreaked much mischief by their prognostications of the end of the world. A few years ago a famous London professor of the gift caused some sensation by his prediction that the end was close at hand.

Public tension, however, considerably slackened when it was discovered that, notwithstanding the imminence of the dread event, the prophet had just renewed the lease of his business premises for a further term of ten years. This was regarded as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disbelief.

At the present day there are several English churches which owe their existence to an "end of the world" scare nearly nine hundred years ago. About the year 1010 a prophet declared that this would come about in the course of a few months, and shrewd clergymen persuaded their congregations to use up their worldly riches in building churches to commemorate the event.

As wealth could obviously be of no use to them in the next world, the faithful worshippers responded handsomely to the appeals of their spiritual advisers. Some of the buildings which were thus erected are still in existence, among them being Great St. Peter-on-the-Wall at Bradwell, and St. Andrew's at Ashingdon.

OTHER MUMMERS' STRIKES.

Noble Lords Once Championed Discontented Opera Singers.

NOT for many years has there been a strike that has tickled the fancy of the public more than the dispute that has taken place between the music-hall artistes and the proprietors of some London variety theatres.

Instead of grim, cloth-capped workmen, we have had the vivacious ladies of the stage officiating as pickets, endeavouring to excite the sympathy of the public with their smiles; while, on the other hand, we have had the immaculately-arrayed managers seeking courteously to persuade the passer-by that he is not the greedy ogre he is represented to be, but a very much maligned and long-suffering person indeed.

So remarkable has the London music-hall strike been that it has been stated that it is without a parallel in history. However, a little investigation hardly bears out this statement.

It is true that minor disputes have occurred in the provinces, when either actors, or musicians, or stage hands have left the unsuspecting management in the lurch; but harking back to the past, and into the history of Drury Lane Theatre in particular, we find that towards the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, when the proprietors of that historic play-house practically held the monopoly of the stage in London, friction between actors and management was a thing of repeated occurrence.

The season 1800-1 at Drury Lane was conspicuous for a renewal of this old squabbling. The immediate cause of the dispute on this occasion was a decision of the proprietors to increase the charges for the theatre for the benefit performances. Instantly the actors rebelled. Both parties appealed to the public for support, and eventually the Lord Chamberlain was called upon to settle the squabble, which he did by deciding in favour of the management.

Drury Lane's most recent quarrel took place in 1879, when the managers had suddenly to put up the shutters, the company having unexpectedly struck work.

Nor has His Majesty's Theatre been free from squabbles. The most extraordinary of these dates back to the early forties of last century; and though it can hardly come under the category of strike, it was undoubtedly due to friction between the artistes and their employers.

In those days His Majesty's was noted for opera; and it so happened that the manager, Laporto, with whom his leading vocalists could seldom agree, decided to supersede the baritone Tamburini by Coletti, who had been distinguishing himself at La Scala at Milan.

But Laporte miscalculated his power. The other artistes, prominent among whom was Madame Grisi, at that time at the zenith of her fame, inspired their aristocratic admirers to organise a demonstration against the newly-appointed baritone.

When poor Coletti came to make his bow, he was greeted with wild shrieks and cat-calls from the "omnibus" box, which was crowded with noble lords, at whose head was a prince of the blood. In vain the vocalist endeavoured to make himself heard, and at last was chased to his dressing-room by the lordlings, who, led by the prince, had daringly stormed the stage. After this passionate outburst by his patrons, Laporte could not do other than authorise the recall of Tamburini.

More recently, in 1886, His Majesty's was again in the turmoil of excitement, a strike of unpaid carpenters having brought a run of Gounod's *Faust* to an unexpected termination.

On the Continent, too, they have had their experiences of theatre strikes. Less than five years ago wild scenes took place at the Royal Netherlands Opera House, in which the heroines were the chorus girls, who, rather than take part in Sunday rehearsals, refused to work.

The fair choristers were not allowed to fight their battle alone. The Socialist party took up the cudgels on their behalf, and, along with admirers of the fair strikers, made things unpleasantly warm for the ladies who had been imported to take the place of the discontented chorus.

Oddly enough, about the same time the Parisian theatres were rudely shaken by a similar dispute. In this instance, however, the disaffected parties were the members of the orchestras, who had formed themselves into a union, and refused to perform in theatres where their organisation was not recognised by the management.

This dispute was remarkable for the censure passed by the musicians on that eminent master of the art, Saint-Saëns, who had expressed the opinion that the position taken up by the strikers was nothing short of ridiculous.

"IT was careless of me to say that I admired Bacon," remarked the young woman with glasses.

"Did you offend some Shakespearian student?"

"No. It was a Chicago pork packer. He frigidly remarked that he didn't care to talk shop."

Puny Man—By an Insect.

Men are such Backward Creatures.

"REALLY men are contemptible objects!" disgustedly remarked the garden spider.

"Hideous creatures, cousin—hideous creatures!" agreed the water spider. "But, then, poor things, it is not their fault that they have only two legs and have such defective senses. Now look at the absurd manner in which they are bragging at conquering the air. Fancy a man trying to fly against such a miserable insect as a dragon-fly, with its speed of sixty miles an hour. Can man equal me as an aeronaut?"

"No!" continued the garden spider. "I have no wings and no natural means of flying, yet I am a skilful air navigator. I make an airship of my web, and can soar aloft on my air-chariot in a way to turn any human creature green with envy."

"Oh, they're very backward creatures! Why, I've nearly reached perfection in subaqueous navigation," exclaimed the water spider. "I build a little vessel in which I can go down to the bottom of the water, where I am able to build a dry and comfortable home. I come to the surface to hunt my prey. When I have got sufficient food I carry it down to my subaquatic mansion. It is so simple."

"What humans, pray, could build such a mansion as I live in?" queried the builder spider. "I live under the ground in a mansion of great rooms, with long galleries and deep vaults. I can rival man's work when it comes to building bridges. Then my houses are never damp, no matter how wet the soil may be. I cover the walls with a tapestry of silk of a dazzling white colour—a tapestry which has the sheen of satin. The entrance to my underground halls is guarded with a gate which even man declares is wonderful. I make this gate of a complex union of thirty layers of earth and webb, and it is so cunningly contrived that it closely matches the surrounding ground. The hinges of this gate are so beautifully made that it automatically shuts, whether I go in or out."

CLAIMS FOR THE KING'S BOUNTY.

"What amuses me is the ridiculous fuss these humans make when a woman has more than two children at one birth," remarked another spider. "Now, if these humans produced a couple of hundred of their young at one brood, like I do, there might be some reason for their fuss."

"Pooh!" This exclamation came from an ant far away. "I see nothing remarkable in that. It may be remarkable for an old ogre of a spider, but let me tell you that I lay from 4,000 to 5,000 eggs at a time. I reckon that blundering men wish they had a few fowls that would come up to my standard!"

"What silly talk this is!" commented a white ant. "I wonder where King Edward's bounty would be if a few of my kind had to lay claim to it. Why, I produce 86,400 eggs a day. Continuing this for a month, it gives the astounding number of 2,592,000 eggs—a record. I'll have to make a claim for the King's bounty!"

There was a general exhibition of merriment at this sally, broken by the remarks of a bee:

POOH! MEN CAN'T JUMP OVER ST. PAUL'S.

"It is silly the fuss men make over their children. Why, in five days one of my children will increase in weight 1,500 times, owing to the fostering influence of queen jelly supplied by the nurse bees. To compare with this a man's baby, weighing ten pounds at birth, would weigh seven and a half tons when five days old! Seven tons and a half!"

"Of course, men are not made aright," remarked a house fly. "They've only two eyes—two poor eyes. They should have four thousand eyes on each side of their head, like I have."

"Well, I don't think much of eyes of that sort," testily commented a dragon-fly. "I don't think it would be possible to see at all well unless one had 13,500 eyes on each side, and each eye capable of receiving and forming a distinct object."

"They're such weak creatures, though," petulantly remarked a cuckoo-spit frog-hopper. "Fancy a man trying to emulate one of my feats by jumping two hundred and fifty times his own length!"

"That's nothing," jerkily interrupted a flea. "If men could breed a race of horses which could jump to compare with me, there might be a little interest in steeplechasing. A horse of that kind would be able to clear the loftiest peak of the Andes at one bound with the very greatest of ease. If a man wished to be able to emulate my simple feats, he would have to be able to jump over the top of St. Paul's at a single vertical jump."

"Oh, let us stop talking about the puny creatures!" interrupted the garden spider, and at his command the topic was dropped.

The Countess Russell's article "Should Women Sit on Juries?" appears in the RAPID, published on February 12th.

INVENTIONS THAT KILL CALLINGS.

BONZOLINE for billiard balls, and celluloid for combs and such-like articles, have killed the ivory trade, so far as England is concerned. Or, at all events, so said an ivory-turner, summoned at Bow County Court the other day.

And immediately following him came a veterinary surgeon, who pleaded that he could no longer pay his way because the motor-car and the motor-'bus had deprived him of 50 per cent., or thereabouts, of his earnings.

The cab industry, because of the "tubes" and the electric trams, is admittedly a dying one. The glass-engravers find their occupation gone since the invention of the sand-blast. No one now wants to employ wood-engravers, because of the perfection to which process-block making has been carried.

At the last Shoe and Leather Trade Exhibition, held at the Agricultural Hall, was shown a machine for making boots, that cost £20,000. A big sum! Yes, but then you only had to feed it with leather at one end, and it turned out the finished boots at the other as easily and as quickly as a housewife shells peas into a basin.

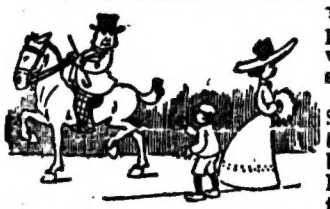
What chance has the old-fashioned, hand-sewing bootmaker got, when pitted against such a worker as this? He must in time sink to cobbler, and even then, what with rubber adjustable heels, and other similar appliances, he will find that there is but little cobbling left for him to do.

Typesetting machines, like the Linotype, the Tachytype, and the Monotype, are rapidly rendering obsolete the work of the hand compositor, with his "case" and his "stick," his "spaces" and his "quads." In many fashionable residential districts the services of the chimney sweep are dispensed with, owing to the very general adoption of gas-fires for heating and cooking; while the tobacco-pipe making industry has dwindled to vanishing point, because of the ubiquitousness of the cigarette.

REPRIMANDED.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wiggles follows the humble calling of a family grocer, personally he is not humble in the smallest degree. He is mayor of the town in which he resides, and all are agreed that the mayoral dignity was never upheld with greater distinction.

At the same time he is not above giving a hand in the shop when business presses, and recently he was called upon to do so.



On the following Sunday afternoon, all thoughts of business banished from his mind, he mounted his thoroughbred horse and cantered, immaculate and full of pride, into the aristocratic part of the town.

He was about to greet a lady acquaintance with the grace for which he is famous, when he was hailed from the pavement by a small boy.

He turned, and so did the lady.

"Hi say, mister," piped the youth, "you only gimme five candles for sixpence last night! I oughter got six!"

MUSIC-HALL STARS AT FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK.

THE weekly salaries paid to some of the leading variety artistes whose names figure most prominently in the great music-hall strike, would have represented more than two years' income to their professional brothers and sisters of the late fifties and early sixties.

In those days 5s. a week was the usual remuneration for really clever entertainers, and a pound a week was the absolute limit. For this latter sum, there used to sing at the old Grecian, one Johnson, afterwards better known to fame as Sims Reeves.

Of course, there was then no such thing as a "barring clause," and so, as there was nothing to prevent an artiste from appearing at as many halls as he could secure engagements at and find time to appear in, a few favourites managed to make a livelihood.

Thus, one Jack Sharp, who was the Arthur Roberts of his day, used to give one "turn" nightly at the Cyder Cellars in Maiden Lane, the Coal Hole in the Strand, Evans's in Covent Garden, the Dr. Johnson in Bolt Court, and Offley's in Henrietta Street, the latter situated within a stone's throw of where the offices of *Pearson's Weekly* now stand.

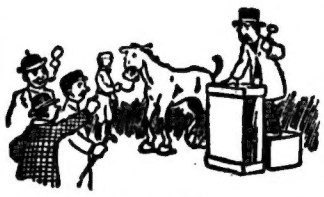
As he drew a pound a week from the proprietors of each of these places of amusement, he doubtless managed to make both ends meet, especially as he was entitled to a free supper at whichever one he chanced to finish up at for the evening.

But he was one of the lucky ones. Such clever artistes as Flexmore, Harry Boleno, who was subsequently principal clown at Drury Lane Theatre, Bob Glindon, whose great song "The Literary Dustman," took all London by storm; Jennie Hill, the "Vital Spark," and Jolly John Nash, were perforce content to accept "exclusive engagements" at a salary of 16s. a week.

RISKING HIS MONEY.

THE big horse sale had been in progress for some time when an alleged thoroughbred was trotted round for inspection.

In reply to the very pointed questions about a certain shakiness in the animal's knees the auctioneer assured the possible bidders that it was entirely owing to the horse having been brought up in a stable with a low roof. The bidding was started at ten shillings, and crept slowly and painfully on until it reached five pounds, and, despite the auctioneer's elocutionary efforts, stopped there.



The wielder of the hammer was about to close with the offer when he observed an individual trying to push his way through the crowd.

"Now, sir, this is the chance of your lifetime, this magnificent racehorse is actually going at five, any advance on five, sir?" "Ay," said the newcomer, "I'll have a go, I'll make it five and sixpence."

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

"Now, Muggins," said the stage-manager, to a keen and ardent young amateur, "do you think you could manage to take on the part of the village constable? The man is supposed to be a dull and stupid idiot, so the rôle will suit you down to the ground. All you have to say when the pistol is fired by the villian, is, 'Hark, tis the pistol' You have no other words at all. Think you can manage it?"

Yes, Muggins thought he could, so home he went, and for some weeks he was rehearsing the tragic words to himself—"Hark, 'tis the pistol!" He dreamt of them and sometimes woke up screaming, thinking a pistol had really gone off. He attended rehearsals most religiously, but the pistol was never actually fired. A sharp rap in the wings sufficed, and then he would shout out his "lines."

The night of the production came. Muggins stood in the wings petrified with stage fright. Then he entered at his cue. The sharp and constrained crash of the pistol smote upon his ears.

"Good heavens!" he cried, rushing on the stage, "what's that?"

'TWAS AN EGGSHELL.

MANŒUVRES were going on in the neighbourhood, and thus it came about that the smoking-room was for the most part filled with military men. As the evening wore on, song and story went the rounds, and old battles were fought anew, when a meek and somewhat battered individual struck in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "to look at me you would not credit the experiences I have been through; but I think the most thrilling of all was when, about twenty years ago, I stood and confronted single-handed a desperate crowd, who thirsted for my blood. Alone I braved them, when suddenly a shell whistled through the air, and burst right in my face."

One of the officers present surveyed the meek man's countenance.

"It certainly isn't much of a face," he said musingly; "but, at the same time, it doesn't look as though a shell had burst in it. What regiment were you in?"

"I never said I was in a regiment," drawled the story-teller sadly. "I'm an actor!"

SURPRISING IGNORANCE.

INQUIRING CUSTOMER: "Waiter, I see you have down on the wine list some Burgundy at three shillings a bottle and some at twelve shillings. Pray, what is the difference between the two brands?"

Waiter: "Well, sir, that is surprisin'! To think that a hintelligent, well-heddicated gent. like yourself can't do a simple little sum in subtraction like that."

THE . . FOUNDED 1871.

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PAPER PATTERNS AT £1,000 APIECE.

WHEN a fur-cutter named Cohen was charged at Old Street Police Court the other day with stealing a paper pattern of the nominal value of one penny, Mr. Biron, the presiding magistrate, appeared mildly surprised that anyone should deem it worth their while to prosecute in so trifling a matter.

And when, later on, it was explained that although the nominal value of the queer-looking piece of paper was only one penny, its actual value, regarded as a pattern for a new fashion, was £1,000, his surprise changed to amazement, and he expressed frank incredulity.

As a matter of fact, however, some such patterns are not infrequently worth far more than even this large sum. Those, for instance, which are continually being elaborated for the great Parisian dress and mantle houses. These are guarded more carefully than banknotes, besides being heavily insured, and when not in use are kept under lock and key in great fire-and-burglar-proof safes.

This is to prevent their being copied by unauthorised persons, since it is obvious that anyone getting a new design first upon the market, when such a design springs from such a source, is pretty certain to make a good thing out of it.

And to do this would be the easiest thing in the world, once the model pattern, or a duplicate of it, was secured. For even the least elaborate of them are faithful in every detail, and are worked out with mathematical exactitude.

Weeks are frequently spent in evolving one of these "creations" in paper—paper so flimsy that only a practised hand can touch it without spoiling it. It is fitted and manipulated, bit by bit, upon life-size dummy figures, so that when completed it is an absolutely reliable guide to the person who makes up the actual garment in cloth, silk, or whatever material is deemed desirable.

A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

ALL his life long Edward Binks had wished to go to Australia, and at last his desire was gratified. But his preconceived notion of the land of the Cornstalks was that it swarmed with snakes and kangaroos. Therefore, he was ever on the alert to discover either or both of these creatures.

Soon after his arrival he was dispatched into the Bush, and his companions were soon weary of replying to the question, "Is that a snake?" or "Is that a kangaroo?"

One night he had to camp out with his companions, and during the night he was awakened by a stinging sensation in his leg. Hastily he investigated matters, and saw a large bulldog-ant making its escape.

"Bill, Bill," he cried, "has a snake got legs?"

"No, you born jackass! Go to sleep!" answered Bill.

"Then for mercy's sake come quick! I'm stung by a kangaroo!"

WHEN PITTITES SHOW THEIR TEETH.

OTHER times, other customs. The abolition of the pit in Mr. Cyril Maude's handsome new theatre has scarcely roused even a mild protest. Yet it is safe to say that such an innovation would at one time have provoked a perfect hurricane of hostile criticism.

For the old-time "pittite" was very jealous of what he considered his rights and privileges, and whenever he deemed they were being infringed he let the offending manager know it in no half-hearted fashion.

Thus, when the Haymarket was reopened without a pit on January 31st, 1880, the audience not only showed its disapproval by groaning and hissing, but serious rioting was indulged in, and was only quelled by the intervention of the police.

Similar scenes have been enacted at one time or another at most of the older play-houses, and many heads have been broken and much damage done. On one occasion, even, the inclusion of only two rows of pit seats in the stall area, provoked wild disturbances; as did also, some years ago, the abolition of the sixpenny gallery at Drury Lane.

But the most serious affair of the kind occurred at Covent Garden Theatre, during John Kemble's management. The old house, which had a very large pit, was burned down. In the new one, which was erected within a year, the space allotted to the pit was not only very much smaller, but the price of admission was raised.

This roused the indignation of the humbler patrons of the drama, and from words they quickly passed to acts of violence. Night after night immense crowds blocked the entrances to the house, and as soon as the doors were opened forced their way into every part of it. The seats were broken into matchwood, the upholstery was cut to ribbons, and the beautiful and costly decorations were wantonly destroyed or defaced. When order was at last restored, the whole interior of the once beautiful building was a hideous ruin.

"Are We Misusing Sunday?" by Edward H. Cooper, appears in the February RAPID, published on February 12th.

How a "Fence" does Business.

Scoundrels who Persuade Youths to Rob Their Employers.

If you were to ask any warehouseman of importance in the City of London which was the greatest pest he had to deal with in his business life he would unhesitatingly answer the "fence"—as the professional receiver of stolen property is commonly called.

It can be said without any exaggeration that from almost every large warehouse in the City there is a quantity of goods stolen—in some warehouses an enormous quantity—every year.

The employees are the greatest offenders. If these dishonest servants could not get rid of the goods stolen by them there would quickly be an end to their depredations. And this is where the professional receiver enters upon the scene.

He it is who takes the goods from these young clerks, or warehouse workers, or messengers—takes them at one-fourth of the proper wholesale price, and pays cash down to encourage the lads to bring him more. He has channels for disposing of the stolen property at considerable profit to himself, and with very little risk.

The receiver does not always get into direct touch with his victims. Often he employs a decoy to mix with the warehouse workers when at luncheon, and the tout insinuates very wilily that if ever they wish to dispose of any material, he knows where it can be sold quickly—and paid for on the nail with no questions asked.

At first a youth will take no seeming notice of these insidious temptations, but there may come a time when he is in desperate need of some ready money. Then he recollects the words of his whilom acquaintance; he secures a parcel of goods, takes it to the receiver, and receives the reward.

Once he has succumbed to temptation, a rapid descent follows. He purloins more goods, every week he becomes bolder in his operations, neglects necessary precautions, and, at length, the inevitable happens; his thefts are discovered, and he is imprisoned.

The police, however, do not rest till they have secured the receiver, but that gentleman and his tout usually disappear. Sometimes they are all surprised and captured, and, needless to add, at the ensuing trial at the Central Criminal Court little mercy is meted out to them.

The following, which are actual occurrences, illustrate how the receiver works:

A boy of sixteen, employed in a large City warehouse, used to go to a certain shop to buy cigarettes. He knew the shop-assistant, and one day the latter introduced him to a foreign gentleman who was there. They got into conversation, and eventually the stranger asked the lad if he could get him an umbrella, offering him at the same time a packet of cigarettes. The boy promised to do so, and the next day met the man with an umbrella.

A small payment was made, and the latter then informed the youth that he would give him so much per dozen for all he could bring. Appointments were made and kept; dozens of umbrellas were handed over and the agreed price paid; until, at last, when the shortage of these articles was noticed in the department, a watch was set, and the boy caught red-handed.

He confessed to his previous thefts, and the foreign gentleman was pounced upon. He was found to be carrying on business as a barber in the West-end, and on his premises were discovered large quantities of umbrellas and other similar articles which had been stolen.

It afterwards appeared that this alleged barber had employed two other foreigners to pawn the umbrellas in shops in various districts of London, a few here and a few there. This gentleman soon had his deserts at the Old Bailey.

Another method was in this wise: A young man in a warehouse used occasionally to go westwards after business hours, and while there became acquainted with a foreigner who did business in all sorts of odds-and-ends. The latter individual, in course of subsequent conversation, informed the young fellow that if there was anything he could sell cheaply, he, the foreigner, would be glad to take it; terms—cash down.

The young man fell into the trap at once. His plan was to select the articles from the warehouse, give them to a porter, who, in his luncheon hour, would take them to a cloak-room at an adjacent railway station, and in return receive a ticket; the ticket would then be posted to the receiver, who would, at his leisure, stroll down to the station and get the parcel. Accounts would be settled in the evening.

This kind of thing went on for over a year, but in the end the secret leaked out, and justice was meted out to the wrongdoers.

The Perils of the Girl Next Door.

By Ellice Beere.

THERE may be nothing to be said against the fact of a young man falling in love with and marrying the girl next door. She may be distinctly a beautiful and gifted young lady, and may make him an excellent wife.

But the principle is wrong. One likes to think of marriage as something better than the casual outcome of circumstances, and these next-door marriages don't seem to show the enterprise, energy, and enthusiasm that one looks for in affairs of the heart.

Let me explain what I mean by the girl next door. I mean any girl whom a young man has become acquainted with, because there is no trouble in knowing her. She may be the girl who has lived in the same house with him, or the girl who works in the same office. She may be the girl he has met at his married sister's, or the girl at the bun-shop where he goes to tea.

"I don't seem to meet anyone else," he thinks to himself, "and I suppose all women are very much alike, so I might as well propose to her."

And all the time he is wishing that the girl he sometimes passes in the main street, or the one he sees in the garden at the corner house a few roads away, was just as easy to speak to.

This young man appears to be a philosopher in his manner of accepting things as they are. He ends by marrying the girl who is easiest to get, simply and solely because she is easiest to get. His comforting reflection that all women are very much alike is secretly the conclusion that the grapes out of his reach are sour.

Now, against this kind of marriage I protest. Courtship conducted upon such lines is too happy-go-lucky a thing to be creditable to any man.

The marriage that results from such a wooing stands a very good chance of being a failure. The man who was the easily-satisfied and casual lover will make the careless and indifferent husband. And the wife who was content to be wooed in a perfunctory and offhand manner, simply because she caused her husband no troubling in the winning, will wait in vain for any passion in his affection, any development in his love.

It is infinitely better that the wife should be "far fetched and dear bought." In one thing at least we should expect a man to show his manliness. Let him be easily contented with everything else in life, but in the choice of a wife we honour him and admire him if he braves obstacles and overcomes them, encounters difficulties and defeats them.

Many a young man has had a glimpse of the woman he loves. But because it is hard to get to know her, or because it would tax his time and resources and possibly his courage to woo her, he lazily contents himself with someone who is nearer his reach.

If the fiction writers of this and every country have done one great service more than another to the cause of humanity, it is in their deadly opposition to all such prosaic matches.

The hero of the novel is rightly the man who marries the woman of his choice, and who emerges with her triumphantly through a thousand difficulties.

He may not know her; he makes it his business to know her. She may be richer than he is; he sets to work to improve his position. She might refuse him; at least he does not lose her for want of asking.

All the romance in human nature assents to the novelist's argument that love justifies the utmost courage and vigour of manhood. And the novelist is right.

Nine times out of ten the young man simply likes the girl next door. The woman he loves is the one in the corner house a few streets away; but he has not half the fibre of the hero of romance, and he succumbs to the perils of propinquity.

Be manly in affairs of the heart. You may be disappointed, but don't disgrace your manhood and insult the girl next door by proposing to her in these words (as you would do if you spoke out your secret thoughts): "I can't get the one I love, so I'll take you, because you are easy to reach."

She may be only "the girl next door," but she may equally be the girl some other man is devoutly longing for. Why should you rob both her and him?

Better leave her unwed until she be wed by such a man than take her because she is easy to get.

The wife who is easily won is not always so easy to keep, and some day you yourself may be on visiting terms at the corner house, too late.

People who Personate Princes.

Some do it accidentally; others intentionally.

THE glamour that surrounds a prince is more often than not, perhaps, the primary reason of persons masquerading in that exalted character, although in more than a single instance advantage has been taken of the assumed rank to gratify feelings other than those of mere vanity.

A few months ago a sham Prince Alexander of Battenberg contrived to have a very good time in the city of Madrid and other Spanish towns. From the capital he had the effrontery to telegraph for an interview with King Alfonso, and at Valencia he endeavoured to communicate by wireless telegraphy with British warships.

Though both efforts failed, the whole city of Valencia felt quite satisfied that he was none other than Prince Alexander, and treated him accordingly. Newspaper men were sent to interview him, and he was fêted and honoured all round.

His princely career, however, was brought to an end at Toledo, but not until he had lunched with the archbishop and borrowed a sum of money from him. His arrest caused quite a sensation throughout Spain, and it then transpired that the pseudo prince ordinarily answered to the name of Joseph Conquy, and that he was a native of Gibraltar.

A few weeks later a somewhat similar story was reported from Belgrade. From this it would seem that the Crown Prince of Servia had a "double," who, like himself, was of the grade of corporal in the army. The double's name was Michael Trifounovich, and one day while travelling with a companion to Obrenovatz, about fifteen miles from Belgrade, he was several times saluted by persons whom they met.

On arriving at the town itself they were met by the sub-Prefect and police superintendent, who ceremoniously escorted them to the sub-Prefecture, where they were entertained to dinner and treated as persons of distinction. Needless to say, they enjoyed themselves immensely until, by telephoning to Belgrade, the sub-Prefect discovered that they were not what they pretended to be. Then they were consigned to the guard room.

This incident recalls another of a somewhat similar character, in which, as a boy, a famous actor, Mr. W. Terriss, was the innocent means of counterfeiting Royalty and hoaxing a mayor. While he was on a tour through Wales with his uncle some facetious individual sent a telegram to the mayor of a small town in the Principality, intimating that the late Duke of Edinburgh—then a boy and known as Prince Alfred—was on his way to the town with his uncle.

The consequence was that when young Terriss and his relative arrived at the station they were received, to their utter amazement, by the mayor and corporation, and all the townspeople, who had assembled to meet the train. The inevitable address was presented to the illustrious young "prince," after which the usual feasting took place at the town hall.

All attempts to explain that they were not the personages they were taken to be were without avail, and throughout the two days of their visit they had a good time and absorbed the attention of the town.

The matter seems to have ended there, though in the case of a Continental mayor, who was completely hoaxed a few weeks ago by an audacious bogus Royalty, there was a less desirable sequel. This municipal dignitary was the mayor of another place in Servia, to whose town a visit of the Crown Prince had been arranged.

The occasion was, however, anticipated by an enterprising soldier who resembled him, and succeeded in palming himself off as the heir to the throne, and greatly enjoyed the right royal manner in which he was feasted and entertained.

The feelings of the mayor on realising how badly he had been hoaxed can be better imagined than described.

Of all people in the world, Mr. Henry Labouchere is reported to have once accepted without demur the exalted rôle of Emperor.

It happened in this wise. By a mere coincidence he happened to land at Vera Cruz on the actual day on which the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian of Mexico was expected to arrive. When a body of cavalry drew up to act as his escort Labby quickly tumbled to the situation, and, without a murmur, allowed himself to be conducted with great pomp and circumstance to the capital. Not until arriving there did he condescend to explain that a mistake had been made.

Miss Lydia Weston tells "Why Women Doctors are Unpopular," in the February RAPID, ready on February 12th.

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Bridegroom's Plight.

At a wedding at Nether Compton (Dorset) the bridegroom was borne into church on a carrying chair, he having slipped and sprained his ankle an hour before the ceremony.

Miser's Curious Epitaph.

"Though poor, he maketh many rich," is the epitaph of a man who, notorious for his miserly habits, died some time since at Peterborough, leaving over £50,000. It is believed to have been of his own choosing.

To Gaol in a Cab.

A woman who was committed recently at a London police-court to Holloway Gaol for non-payment of rates, objected vigorously to being taken to gaol in the prison van, which she described as "that black thing." She volunteered to pay for a cab, and was allowed the privilege.

Preserved Sea-cow Next.

Preserved dugong is the latest delicacy which is shortly to be put upon the London and Paris markets. The dugong is a sea-cow which frequents shallow water on the Queensland coasts and grazes upon marine grasses. When cured the flesh makes good bacon. Anyhow it is now tinned, and is said to make excellent brawn.

Fly Fixes a Date.

Often it is the little things which bring the great results where mystery is deepest. When commentators on the works of Robert Louis Stevenson were busiest they came across a manuscript whose place of birth they could not determine. There was a crushed fly upon one of the pages. An entomologist found that the fly was a specimen peculiar to the Polynesian Islands. Stevenson had written the notes in his home at Samoa.

Camels beat Horses.

A camel can easily carry a weight of one thousand pounds on its back—about four times as much as a horse can carry. The camel begins work at the age of four and is useful for half a century. The horse, as a rule, is nearly played out at the age of fifteen.

Palace as Local Club.

The old Royal Palace of Enfield, once the abode of Edward VI., and given, by him to Queen Elizabeth, has just been let on lease to the local Conservative Club. The Tudor rose, the Royal monogram, and the ancient coat of arms are conspicuous features in the mural decorations.

Victim to Duty.

At an inquest on an East Molesey postman who died while letter sorting, it was stated that he arrived at the office in a fainting condition, and although advised to go home he insisted on remaining to complete his work. The coroner said the poor fellow's devotion to duty had cost him his life.

Lovers' Wireless Messages.

A young telegraph operator and a young lady, also a telegraph operator, in Paris, in love with each other, established a system of wireless telegraphy which was carried on with great satisfaction to them for some time. On his balcony he put up a pole, from which messages were dispatched to the pole on her house. But before long an official stationed at the wireless post on the Eiffel Tower perceived this competition with the wireless service of the State, and inspectors some days later arrived at the homes of the lovers and carried away the offending apparatus, with a warning that if the offence were renewed it would entail a heavy fine.

Street Knife-cleaner.

A street knife-cleaner made his appearance in Peckham recently. He claims to be the first of his trade, and says the idea came to him when he was out of work. His charge is a penny a dozen.

Shoes at 11d. a Pair.

A line of shoes was lately landed in Australia invoiced from America, at a shade under 11d. a pair. The only scrap of real leather about them is a shaving on the soles—the rest consists of a cloth that looks like kid, some wood, some paper, and about eighty stitches. Some slippers also were landed duty paid, at about 5¾d. per pair—under 3d. per slipper.

Elopers Married on a Train.

A pretty Virginia girl was married the other day to a young man by an accommodating minister on a train, while it was running at full speed, several of the passengers acting as witnesses. The young people had eloped from Beaver Dam. Fearing that her parents would be awaiting the arrival of the train in Richmond, they took a minister along with them. Their calculation later turned out to be a fact.

Imitation Ebony From Skim Milk.

A new composition called galalith is being made near Paris, which is likely to supplant celluloid and similar substances. Galalith is made by a patented process from the casein in skim milk. The substance is made in all colours, and excellent imitations of tortoise shell, amber, coral, ebony, and horn, are produced. It possesses the advantage over celluloid of being odourless and absolutely non-inflammable, since it contains no camphor. In hardness it resembles horn.

Picture Pars.

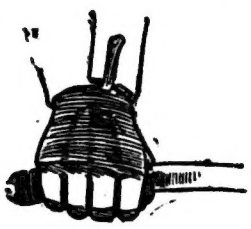
A gold-plated pencil-case is given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph used here. See footline.

TO MEND A BELT.

HERE is an easy and cheap way to mend the belting of machinery if it wears through and severs. Cut the frayed ends so that they are straight, and then cut a piece out at each side as shown. Then place them over each other and bind tightly with string. If the band is treated in this way it will last quite as long as if it had been sewn together; moreover, this method has the advantage of not pulling the belt ends to pieces as often happens when holes are made for the stitches to be inserted.

KEEPS THE WIND AWAY.

THESE few words of advice should prove beneficial to cyclists — especially motor cyclists—who carry on their pastime in the winter months. By fastening up your sleeves with trouser clips you will find it possible to exclude draughts, and so will be able to keep your arms and wrists warm. Of course, if you are a motor cyclist, and wear the big motor gloves that come almost up to your elbow this hint will not appeal to you.



BOILED EGGS SPIN.

HERE is one way by which an egg which has been boiled can be distinguished from one which hasn't. Of course, it is supposed that the boiled egg is cold, otherwise you could tell simply by touch. Spin the eggs. The boiled one will spin like a top for a pretty considerable period; the uncooked one will twist a few times and then sink on to its side.

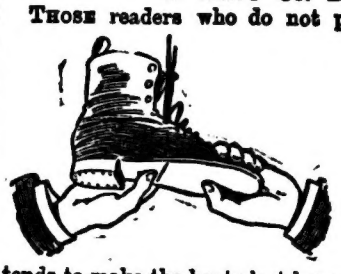
A MINER'S RIGHT.

EVERY golddigger or prospector for precious metals in our colonies finds it necessary to procure a "Miner's Right." This gives him the right of ownership to any metals he may find on Crown lands. It also affords him the right to protection. Unless a miner possesses this

precious document he is likely to find himself at the mercy of the "jumper," who may seize his claim and by reason of his "Right" start working it.

A HINT ON BOOTS.

THOSE readers who do not possess boot trees will appreciate this hint. It will enable them to keep their boots in good condition. If the boots are pressed as depicted, as soon as they are taken off after wearing, all the creases will be removed from them. This treatment also tends to make the boots last longer, for the creases are liable to turn into cracks.



TO CARRY AWAY GASES

ISSUING from the large heaps of coal which are stacked on coal wharves you can sometimes see a number of small pipes. These are placed there to carry away any gases which may generate inside the stacks. Needless to say, the pipes, which are about three inches in diameter, are formed of metal, usually iron.

What Clever People are Saying.

Bright Paragraphs by Bright People.

Mr. Keble Howard on Woman.

Women are logical until their emotion swamps the reasoning faculty.

Mr. Sylvester Baxter on Advertising.

Advertising has become an art. It remains for it to become, if not a fine art, at least an art that calls beauty to its service.

Sir William Richmond on Factory Chimneys.

When the smoke from factories is rigidly abated, according even to the present Act of Parliament, the smoke over England will diminish probably to one-half.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan on Literature.

The young man and woman with literary aspirations are told that literature is a profession in which it is impossible to obtain a hearing or to earn a living. That is not my experience, nor is it the experience of many another writer.

Mr. Edward Anton on Genius.

That there are so many failures in life is largely due to our stupid habit of regarding genius as a fairy gift, instead of knowing it for what it actually is—a possibility latent in most of us.

Father Vaughan on the Newly-Made Rich.

The newly-made rich decide to give a small dance at home, and, money being no consideration, gladly they pay £2,000 for supper £3,000 for flowers, and £4,000 for guests. I can remember the old-fashioned days when we hired chairs for the guests; nowadays we hire guests for the chairs.

Gen. Sir R. Pole-Carew on Volunteers.

The volunteer, to his infinite credit, has proved himself to be a first-class soldier; he has proved his value.

Mr. H. Sawyer on Boys' Dangerous Time.

The time which usualy elapses between the child leaving school and entering regular employment is the most dangerous period of its life.

Sir Oliver Lodge on the Human Race.

The human race is only just beginning to realise its power of conscious control; and instead of being effete and worn out, it is really in its infancy.

Mr. T. E. Page on Teaching.

For every Civil Service appointment there is the keenest competition by the best men from the universities, whereas first-class men are unwilling to join the teaching profession.

G. Manville-Fenn on Boys' Stories.

The secret of success with a boy's story is, perhaps, this—the writer must be able to put himself in the place of that boy. He must not patronise, he must not lecture, and the most he dare do is to be—what shall we call it?—a little fatherly.

Andrew Lang on Golf.

Too much of the mental powers of the Anglo-Saxon race is given to golf. The speculations as to how you ought to grasp your club, and as to the relations in space between your feet and your ball are pursued with relentless intensity, which, better bestowed, might solve serious problems.

Sir Redvers Buller on Sentiment.

There is in the world much more sentiment than half of us are willing to admit.

Mr. Haldane, M.P., on Science.

Whatever other differences there may be between the nations, there is a brotherhood the reality of which is asserting itself more as year succeeds year—the brotherhood of science.

Mr. James Milne on Novels.

The good soldier is he who can go anywhere and do anything; well, the modern novel can go anywhere and do anything. It need not, like the soldier, be good; but that is a detail.

Dr. G. H. Heald on Good Sleepers.

Often the man who is a little careless about his habits fares better than the one who is constantly watching his every symptom. This is especially true as regards sleep. The good sleeper does not worry.

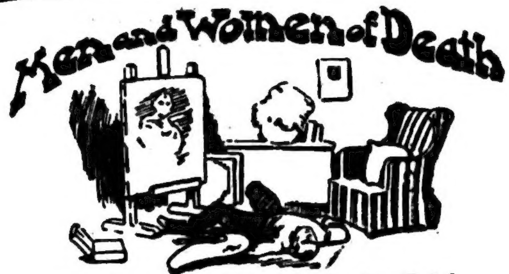
Mr. James McWhirr on Land Workers.

In the eyes of the ambitious the drudgery associated with field labour carries with it little stimulus to exertion. But the ploughman of a reflective turn realises that, limited as his own prospects are, it is otherwise in the case of his children.

Mr. Graham Mould on Breach of Promise.

If breach of promise actions were tried by a woman assisted by a jury of women, men would get heavy damages and women would be discouraged, just as at present it is the reverse. The present administration of the law is immensely in favour of women.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



Folk Whose Friendship Proves Fatal.

HAUNTED houses are not uncommon, and most of us have heard stories of amulets of various kinds which brought all kinds of disaster to their possessors. For an evil influence to attach itself to a human being, and from that individual spread to those around him or her, is rarer, but yet by no means unknown.

One of the strangest cases of the kind imaginable has recently come to light in Russia. A smart young student, named Ostrovski, a man of good fortune and family, shot himself dead in a St. Petersburg street. There was no apparent reason for the rash act, and it was ascribed to political causes.

His friends, however, have a different idea. The dead man had parted, only a moment previous to his death, with Mme. Bielskaia, who is known far and wide as "the fatal woman." This lady is a general's daughter, and is of great beauty. When she was quite young a wealthy man, M. Golovatcheff, fell in love with her and fought a duel for her sake with an army officer. Neither was badly injured, yet both soon afterwards committed suicide.

SHE SEEMS TO SPREAD DEATH.

Then she married M. Bielskaia. A year later, for no apparent reason, he attempted suicide by stabbing himself, and then disappeared. He is said to have gone to Siberia.

Next, two of her servants died mysteriously, and finally her father, the general, fell a victim to a terrorist's bomb. The lady herself cannot be directly blamed for any of these tragedies, and yet one can hardly wonder that she now inspires a vague terror among all her acquaintance.

Equally strange is the sad story of the artist, Hans Kinnow, who died in Munich about seven years ago. The young man had flashed into fame a year or two previously by his clever portraits.

The very first portrait he ever painted was of a certain Herr Braun, a wealthy tradesman. Braun was greatly pleased with the likeness, and sent a cheque. A month later he fell ill and died. No one thought anything of this, and soon Kinnow was very busy with a likeness of Fraulein Dina S., a young actress. This portrait was exhibited. A week after it left the exhibition and was sent to the lady's house she died quite suddenly of heart failure.

AN ARTIST WHOSE PICTURES PROVE FATAL.

Soon afterwards Kinnow saw a lovely baby, the daughter of a friend, and offered to paint her picture. The mother accepted. The portrait was no sooner complete than little Marie took cold and faded away and died.

This third disaster frightened Kinnow, and vague alarm changed to horror when one of his models, an elderly beggar, was run over in the street and killed. He abandoned portraits and took to poorly-paid ornamental work, porcelain decoration, and the like. A year passed, and then the painter fell in love. His *fiancée* desired him to paint her portrait, and he yielded, though unwillingly.

Was it mere coincidence? The girl was delicate, consumptive, the doctor said. She caught a slight chill, it went to her lungs, and in a month after her portrait was finished she, too, died.

Kinnow was hardly seen again. He sat in his studio painting hard. A fortnight later his landlady, bringing him his supper, found him dead on the floor. On the easel was a finished portrait of himself painted by the aid of a looking-glass. Across the face was a smear of crimson paint.

ALL DIED AT THE AGE OF SEVEN.

A tribe of gipsies roam about the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland. Among them is a woman whom the others will neither speak to nor, if they can help it, so much as look at. And yet there is nothing unpleasant in her appearance. Recently inquiries were made, and the following curious story came out.

The woman has had six children, four boys and two girls, and all of them have died at the age of seven. Three died on their seventh birthday, the other three within three days of the anniversary. Stranger still, each fell ill as every successive birthday approached, from the first onwards; but their mother took no notice of their maladies until the fatal seventh year approached.

Then she devoted all her care to the little ones. She secured medical attendance, but all without avail. The doctors could in no case trace any specific disease. The little things simply wasted away and died. The rest of the tribe credit the mother with the possession of the Evil Eye, and have put her so completely in Coventry that her husband means to take her away and leave Switzerland.

Some thirty-five years ago there was a terrible fight between a small party of American troops and a large body of Apache Indians at a place in Arizona called Wounded Knee. Eventually the white men won the battle, and the few Indian survivors fled. After all was over an Indian squaw was found among the dead, and strapped on her back was a living baby girl of three months old.

The child was taken care of and eventually adopted by an officer of the United States Army. She was well educated, and grew up tall and handsome. But there was one very peculiar thing about her. She had inherited her savage ancestors' superstitious terror of shadows.

Shadows, the Indians believe, are the ghosts of those who cast them. It was noticed, as she grew up, that she always avoided the shadows of others, and never, if she could help it, would pass between the sun and anyone she was fond of. Her adopted father laughed at her for this trait, and one day, to cure her of her superstition, came close behind her as she was standing in the sun.

She sprang away with a face of horror. Next morning the officer—who was by then a colonel—was found dead in his bed. An attack of apoplexy had killed him. The poor girl went nearly mad with grief, but eventually she got over it. Her nurse tried to show her how foolish was her superstition, and one day deliberately sat down when the shadow of her charge lay across her. By a strange coincidence next day the horse they were driving ran away and smashed them up. The nurse was killed on the spot, the girl was unhurt.

Some years passed, the Indian girl went to school in a Kentucky convent, and there made great friends with the daughter of a Louisville lawyer. The white girl noticed that the other would never let her shadow fall on her friend, and one day, for a joke, went and stood for some moments close behind her, in her shadow.

The Indian went nearly frantic when she found what had happened; but some days passed, and all was well. Just a week later the convent buildings caught fire in the middle of the night. The fire burnt so fiercely that the Sisters and pupils had barely time to escape with their lives. When all were out and counted two were missing, the Indian girl and her friend. The firemen got a ladder up to their window, but it was too late. The two girls were dead, not burnt, but suffocated. From the position of their bodies it was plain that the Indian girl had made a heroic effort to save her friend, and had lost her own life in doing so.

ON SHROVE TUESDAY.

You're nearer to perfection
  Than any I have known,
I like your dark complexion—
  A lovely golden brown.

Your figure, dainty evidence
  You're thin yet nicely fat;
But though you have uncommon *scents*
  You are a perfect flat.

Others like you in days gone by
  Have given me bitter pain,
Yet, holding you so tenderly,
  I tempt my fate again,

Elusive and beguiling
  Your society I'll rue—
You're gone! but I am smiling—
  With another pancake too.

"HENRY," whispered Mrs. Smithers, straightening up in bed, "what's that noise in the library?"

"Must be history repeating itself," muttered Henry drowsily. "Go to sleep!"

STERN PARENT: "Your mother tells me you have been naughty again, and therefore I shall be obliged to punish you."

Troublesome Son: "Wh-why can't ma punish me herself, dad? I don't see wh-why you should have to d-do all the odd jobs."

"THIS confinement," said the long-faced prison visitor, "must distress you greatly."

"Yes," replied the facetious convict, "I find the prison-bars grating."

"Ah, life to you is a failure!"

"Yes; it's nothing but a cell!"

PICTURE POSTCARD CONTEST.

No form of collecting has ever been so popular as that of picture postcards. There is a charm about these pretty little missives that cannot be equalled by postage stamps or old coins. A new incentive has been given to collectors of postcards by Messrs. Raphael Tuck, who are offering in three new competitions no less a sum than £6,666. These contests are exceedingly novel, especially the one in which prizes are offered for the decoration of screens and other household objects with postcards. Only Tuck cards are allowed in these contests, of which particulars can be had from any stationer, or from Raphael House, Moorfield, London.

ARE WE UNDER MRS. GRUNDY'S THUMB?

By Mlle. GABY DESLYS.

[Many people have doubtless noticed that as soon as English people go abroad they lose much of that chilly reserve which, according to foreigners, is one of our most striking characteristics. In this article Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the famous Parisian actress, who is now appearing at the Gaiety Theatre, contends that this is solely due to the formidable presence of Mrs. Grundy.]

SINCE I have been in England I have often wondered at the difference in demeanour of an English audience in England and the self-same audience abroad. At first sight it seems only natural that a play which English theatre-goers welcome enthusiastically abroad will be greeted in the same manner at home—but such is not the case at all, and on various visits to London I have remarked that certain plays which have been accorded rounds of applause on the Continent have been, over here, greeted with chilly "Arctic" silence.

Times without number have I asked those best qualified to judge: "Why is this so?"—but I have never yet received a satisfactory answer, so perforce I have had to inquire into the mystery myself. And I am glad to say I think I have solved it.

THE POWER THAT RULES THE AUDIENCE.

Indeed, a comparison between the attitude of your theatre-goer at home and abroad has proved to me that, in many cases, plays in England are tabooed, not because they do not appeal to an audience, but [illegible] audience is altogether entirely under the thumb of "Mrs. Grundy," and is therefore afraid of giving a welcome to any so-called doubtful piece which that exacting lady might not quite like.

In other words, the English are, I think, more bound round by convention than any other nation in the world.

Thus I have often read articles by leading critics who should be well qualified to judge of the merits or demerits of a play in which the "impropriety" of many French pieces, and the unseemly behaviour of French audiences in allowing themselves to sit through such pieces has been severely condemned. Moreover, it has also been stated that no English audience would sit through such pieces, while the mere suggestion that English people could ever sink so low as to applaud at the fall of the curtain has been greeted with expressions of horror.

WHERE WE DIFFER FROM THE FRENCH.

Now, in cases of this sort a great injustice has been done to both French and English theatre-goers. The difference lies purely in their dispositions.

For instance, a French audience is seldom cool and reserved in its judgment, and will applaud wildly and excitedly any situation which happens to take its fancy at the moment. By the same token, however, that applause will die out—for no apparent reason—as quickly and as suddenly as it has arisen; in fact, the modern French audience is ruled almost entirely by impulse.

On the other hand, English theatre-goers remind me of nothing so much as members of a Court of Justice. They will sit calmly and quietly, neither giving signs of approval nor disapproval until they have quite satisfied themselves that the play in question deserves applause or censure. When they have thoroughly satisfied themselves on that matter they are not afraid "to pass a just and lawful sentence," always excepting in the case of problem and so-called risky plays, when Mrs. Grundy passes sentence for them.

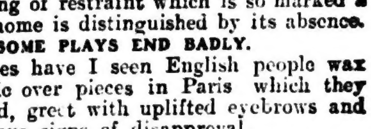
Abroad, however, English audiences are not nearly so particular, for they know full well that they have left Mrs. Grundy far behind them, and, in consequence, that feeling of restraint which is so marked a characteristic at home is distinguished by its absence.

WHY SOME PLAYS END BADLY.

Thus many times have I seen English people wax wildly enthusiastic over pieces in Paris which they would, in England, greet with uplifted eyebrows and other unostentatious signs of disapproval.

In "coming straight to the point" in this way, I hope I shall not be accused of wishing to suggest, for a single instant, that English audiences suffer from an attack of hypocrisy, for such is far from my meaning. All I wish to point out is that it is merely a strong bond of convention, of which Mrs. Grundy is sole authoress, which accounts for the change in attitude of English theatre-goers at home and abroad.

The subject as to what license should be given to a playwright is, I think, an intensely interesting one in that it affects such a vast number of people. But, at the present time, I think that dramatists and playwrights are not allowed sufficient license, and I have seen many otherwise human and interesting plays completely spoilt through unnatural and impossible situations, created solely because your playwright is afraid that if he were to write "true to life" he would offend Mrs. Grundy.



Canon Horsley's answer to "Can We Stop Betting?" appears in the February RAPID, ready on February 12th.

A NEW WEEKLY FEATURE.

What we are thinking about.

TWO-MINUTE ARTICLETTES BY FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Should the Dock be Abolished?

By Sir Ralph Littler, K.C., Chairman of Quarter Sessions County of Middlesex.

[Those who favour the abolition of the dock argue that in the eyes of the English law a prisoner, being presumed innocent until proved guilty, should not be placed in the dock until convicted. Sir Ralph Littler replies to this view, which, rightly or wrongly, is undoubtedly held by many people. Sir Ralph is the judge whose name is so prominently before the public in connection with the case of Lewis.]

THE question you put seems to me not one of pressing importance.

It scarcely ever happens, except in cases of mistaken identity, that a person charged has not conduced to his position by his own folly, and the greater proportion of those acquitted are so rather because the charge is not proved than because they have not committed the offence.

On the other hand, public safety in many cases, and public cleanliness in others, makes it often desirable to segregate the prisoner.

If this is a reform, other are more pressing.

Will Women ever Excel at Billiards?

By J. P. Mannock.

[One of the sporting events of 1906 was the series of billiard matches between Mme. Strebor and Miss Eva Collins. And, although, to be candid, neither lady displayed the form of a Stevenson or a Dawson, the contests excited great interest, and were keenly appreciated by the public. Is there, then, now that woman has made a start in public billiards, any solid reason why she should not one day hold the Open Championship of the game? This question is answered by an eminent authority in the person of Mr. J. P. Mannock, the well-known player and teacher.]

So far as the laws governing the open championship of billiards are concerned, there is nothing in them to disqualify women from entering the competition, and, by the way, what a splendid impetus would be given to the game were anything like an equal struggle to be seen at it between the sexes.

And, so far as woman herself is concerned, there is no insuperable reason why she should not compete successfully with the best masculine players, and even win the championship.

True, woman is handicapped in play by her short reach, but it must be remembered that some of the greatest players ever seen, notably, W. J. Peall, have been men of few inches and necessarily short reach, and although the handicap does exist, it is more apparent than real. Moreover, thanks to the spread of athletics among women, they are growing taller and bigger every year.

In any case, shortness of reach is not an insuperable bar to great skill at billiards, and there is no stroke in the game which a woman cannot make just as well as a man. In other words, there is nothing in woman's physique or in the game to prevent her from being a great player.

And in regard to the general qualities, which go to make a player of the first rank—touch, knowledge of the game, nerve, patience, and perseverance—there is absolutely no reason why woman should not have these as highly developed as man, and possibly even more so.

Certainly, as one who numbers many ladies amongst his pupils, I find woman on the whole more teachable, more patient, and more persevering than the average man. In regard to touch, woman's success as pianists and violinists shows that she can have just as delicate and sensitive a touch as man, and personally, I am inclined to think that as billiard players women have a finer sense of touch than men.

Then, there is nothing so difficult or abstruse in the science and theory of the game that woman cannot master it just as well as man, and, as a rule, they take more pains and more trouble to play the game as it should be played than their masculine competitors.

Finally, whilst serious match playing involves a considerable strain upon the nerves, it is no greater than that involved in tennis and other games, in which women have achieved success and distinction.

Well, then, it may be asked if there is no reason why women should not excel at billiards, how is it that there are so few women players of even moderate ability?

My answer is that it is simply a matter of facilities, or rather the lack of them. Women have few chances of learning and playing the game.

They cannot very well play in the public-houses, where the average man plays, and even if there is a private table at their homes they are not, as a rule, encouraged to play on it. Not, I think, because men object to women playing billiards, but simply because the average amateur is not capable of teaching her how to play, and does not like to expose his own ignorance of and lack of skill at the game.

Women have come to excel at tennis and other masculine games, simply because men were capable of teaching them how to play; but for a thousand young men who can play tennis, golf, and such games, well, you will only find one who has any real skill at billiards and the power to impart his knowledge.

Men, even if willing to take the trouble of teaching their womenkind the game, have not, as a rule, the necessary skill and knowledge to do so, and hence the game languishes amongst the women, and I fear will continue to do so until royalty or some great personage makes it fashionable.

It is a great pity that this should be so, for billiards is an admirable game for women. It is healthy, does not involve any undue strain, trains the hand and the eye, and pleasantly exercises the mind as well as the body. Whether woman will ever wrest the billiard championship from man I am not prepared to say, although emphatically it is well within her power to do so; but I do say that it would be better for future generations if society ladies who have facilities for playing the game spent less time at bridge or other gambling games, and more at a pastime which can be thoroughly enjoyed without a penny piece being wagered on its result, and which in no small degree makes for health, grace, and a sound mind in a sound body.

Fashion in Pantomime.

By Arthur Collins, the eminent Manager of Drury Lane.

IT is a far cry from 1723, and *Harlequin Dr. Faustus*, the first pantomime produced at Drury Lane, or in England for the matter of that, down to Boxing Night, 1906, and *Sindbad the Sailor*, and I do not think it would serve any useful purpose to trace in detail all the changes that have taken place in pantomime history between those dates.

But, undoubtedly, the chief factor in the evolution of modern pantomime has been the influence of the music-halls.

In the days when the theatrical stock companies flourished, pantomime was largely recruited from their ranks, and not a few subsequently famous actors and actresses could boast, or otherwise, of having played the "Demon King" or the "Fairy Queen" in their time.

But when the stock companies came to an end, pantomime managers had to look elsewhere for their companies, and they went to the music-halls.

At that time, of course, variety entertainments were not of a very high or refined character, and perhaps at first pantomime suffered from the importation of music-hall comedians, those of the red-nosed, doubtful-joke class being given a license which would certainly be denied to them now.

But in the end pantomime benefited by the introduction of the music-hall element; for, as is well-known, music-halls and music-hall artistes have made enormous progress within recent years, and pantomime has shared in and reflected their improvement.

In the old days pantomime was certainly sometimes open to the reproach of being vulgar without being funny, but I do not think that can ever be truthfully said of it now, and fashion, in other words, public taste, educated by the music-halls and such comedians as poor Dan Leno, demands and will have a bright, amusing, and clean entertainment given by artistes of genuine ability and cleverness.

Turning to the "book," I suppose pantomime librettists will continue to the end of the chapter to take the most frightful liberties with history, and introduce motor-cars into the days of "Dick Whittington," the "Soap Trust" into "Aladdin's" palace, and so on, and the public will continue to relish these anachronisms; but one remarkable change there has been in pantomime "books," and that is the almost total disappearance of the pun from them.

Formerly, pantomimes reeked with puns from beginning to end, but now they are seldom if ever heard. I do not profess to explain why this form of humour, which delighted our fathers and grandfathers, should fail to please the present generation—I simply state the fact that it does not.

So far I have spoken only in regard to the taste of the adult public, and now to come to the children. Their tastes are strictly conservative, and they demand above all that the story told to them should be one known in every nursery, although I do not forget the success of *Peter Pan*.

But, speaking generally, a familiar nursery tale is *the* thing, and of all children's stories *Cinderella* easily holds pride of place as the most popular and most frequently produced pantomime in the world, other great favourites being *Dick Whittington* and *Aladdin*.

In connection with children, one change likely to be seen will be the disappearance of children from the performers, it being practically impossible to comply with the L.C.C. regulations in regard to their education.

But beyond this I should not care to prophesy as to the future of pantomime, the only certain thing about the adult public's taste being its uncertainty. From grand stage effects and magnificent mounting we may revert to the extreme simplicity of the stage in Shakespeare's day; Pantaleone, Arlecchino, and Columbina may be restored to their pristine importance as the chief characters in pantomime; singers may come from grand opera instead of from the music-halls; Mr. Harry Fragson and his piano may give place to Mr. Mark Hambourg and his; anything in short may happen, but whatever the setting, the bright, enduring jewel of pantomime must ever be a story for the children.

The Errors of Amateur Actors.

By Willie Clarkson.

IT is not many years since the time when amateur acting was regarded with pitying contempt by even the most indulgent critics. The idea of treating the performances of non-professionals seriously would have been scoffed at in those days, and not without reason. Now, all that is changed. There are in existence hundreds of amateur dramatic societies which present plays of every variety in a thoroughly creditable way, and some whose performances would not suffer by comparison with those of many of the regular theatrical companies.

Careless and haphazard stage management, shabby costumes, and slovenly elocution have given place to careful attention to stage details and studied cultivation of voice and gesture.

But in one respect there is still room for improvement: the importance of "make-up," as an adjunct to the successful portrayal of a character, is not yet generally recognised on the amateur stage, and many otherwise successful impersonations are marred by the neglect of the art. Even on the "regular" stage there is often ground for criticism in this matter, and it is not an uncommon thing to read in the notice of a play that Mr. So-and-So's otherwise admirable performance was spoiled by a ridiculous make-up.

Until about twenty-five years back, dry colours were in general use on the stage; but they have since been entirely superseded by grease paints, which have the great advantage of being impervious, and perspiration works havoc with dry colours.

Only long practice will enable the amateur—or the professional, for that matter—to achieve success in making up. General instructions are given with the "make up" boxes that are sold by theatrical costumiers, but it is necessary to experiment over and over again before a really artistic result is obtained.

Let the beginner sit down in front of a good-sized mirror in a fairly strong light, with no deep shadows, then having smeared the face, neck, hands, and arms, if they are to be exposed, with cocoa butter, proceed to colour the cheeks, darken the eyebrows, line the eyelashes, and generally "try effects," following the book of instructions, but not too literally. In the course of a few hours' practice a large amount of experience will be gained in the art of appearing young or old, handsome or hideous, benevolent or malicious.

One thing above all, it is necessary to be thorough. Not, perhaps, to emulate the actor who blacked himself all over when he played Othello; but do not make up the face and forget the neck, as so many amateurs do, with the result that their heads seem to be detached from their bodies in certain stage lights.

Three Tips for Golfers.

By Harry Vardon, the famous Ex-Open Champion.

FOR cracked or blistered hands, one of the commonest and most painful of the ills golfing flesh is heir to, I find Elliman's a very good remedy.

But blisters are usually so tender that one requires also to give the hands a rest. They are generally caused by either letting the club have too much play or the reverse, *i.e.*, holding like grim death. The grip should be firm, but not like that of a vice.

For loss of form, the most dreaded and insidious of all golfing ailments, there is only one cure—to give the game a rest. Loss of form generally comes from playing too much.

The most important questions of the day are explained in the February RAPID, ready on February 12th.

When Animals Take to Drink.

They Behave Very Similar to Human Tipplers.

GERMAN scientists say that a liking for liquor is not confined to depraved members of the human species only; but that the craving for alcohol seizes the lower animals as soon as they smell it, and that they need little encouragement to become drunkards of a most debased type.

Brehm cites as an example the sad case of a number of baboons, whose captivity could be ascribed to nothing more or less than an inordinate love of the flowing bowl.

The method of their capture was as follows: The natives having discovered the partiality of the baboon to liquor, ostentatiously displayed calabashes full of meriss, a native beer. Immediately after they retired, the baboons swooped down upon the alluring concoction, and drank so heartily that they speedily stupefied themselves; and it was while they lay in this helpless condition that the natives completely imprisoned them.

Even this punishment did not teach them to abstain from the intoxicating juice; and while in captivity, as regularly as any one would offer them liquor, they would proceed to indulge to excess.

When intoxicated, their behaviour was just like that of the lords of creation. They would grin as foolishly, and stumble about as helplessly as any old toper under similar conditions.

On the morning after it was painfully evident that they suffered as severely as any member of the human race after a drinking bout. Holding their heavy throbbing heads in their hands, they would sit around groaning as if in despair; and when more beer or palm wine was offered, they would turn from it with shudders, and at times would whimper with horror.

AN ORANG-OUTANG TURNED TIPPLER.

When in this condition they could not look on food; but great was their joy when they found some lemons placed within their reach.

An animal importer at Hamburg had an unfortunate experience of the craving for strong drink that overtakes animals.

Hearing about a particularly fine orang-outang, he made arrangements to purchase it. The negotiations being completed, the animal was shipped for home, a man being engaged to guard the brute and preserve it from harm.

All went well until one night the orang-outang discovered a case of rum in the cabin.

Awakened by the clattering of bottles, the keeper looked out, and an astonishing spectacle met his eyes. The orang-outang was standing with a bottle at his lips, while around him lay three more, already emptied.

Immediately the attendant moved, the animal went mad, and it proved impossible to catch it until the liquor began to take effect. Then the poor brute became drowsy, and was soon tied up.

STRONG DRINK ENDED MOUSIE.

A few hours later the unfortunate orang-outang developed a raging fever. For three days it refused food, though it accepted whisky and wine and water with avidity; but with the third day death relieved the wretched brute of its extraordinary craving for intoxicants.

In another instance, also related by a German professor, the heroine, or victim, was a mouse.

In the course of her peregrinations she happened upon a leaking wine bottle, sipped the seductive liquid, and became so tipsy that she forgot herself and began to squeak for joy.

Naturally the people of the house were attracted to the cellar by the noise, but their presence by no means alarmed the drunken mouse, which clung closely to the bottle, and continued squeaking merrily.

Ultimately, a cat appeared on the scene; but even then poor mouse showed no signs of alarm, but proceeded to have "anurrer drink."

Puss, however, proved teetotal, and speedily got her fine work in; but it was evident to all that mousie had died "happy."

TESS: "Oh, yes; she's certainly getting old."
JESS: "Yes?"
TESS: "Yes; she's beginning to complain that the styles of bonnets and gowns are not as pretty as they used to be."

MR. STAYLATE: "Gracious! it's nearly midnight! I should be going pretty soon, I suppose."
Miss Patience Gonne: "Well, yes. You know the old saying 'Never put off till to-morrow, what you can do to-day.'"

SERMONS BY SOLDIERS AND LECTURES BY LORDS.

And Editors Who Occupy Pulpits.

ONE of the signs of the times is undoubtedly the ever-increasing activity in religious circles, and it is interesting to notice that all grades in the social ladder are combining to help forward religious work.

Prominent in the House of Lords, for instance, is Lord Kinnaird. Busy banker though he be, he finds time to preside over the deliberations of the Y.M.C.A., and many another society of the same nature; while he has not infrequently officiated as a preacher.

Another peer who is often in the pulpit, is Lord Overtoun, chief of one of Scotland's greatest manufacturing firms. His lordship for many years conducted a Bible class in Dumbartonshire, and is highly esteemed by his pupils.

The Marquis of Northampton is also to be found among the ranks of the religious workers, and in particular is interested in the doings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he has been president.

The P.S.A., again, find a lecturer in Lord Coleridge; and only the other Sunday afternoon he was to be heard addressing a crowded audience of men at Whitefield Tabernacle.

Soldiers, too, have been captivated by the modern enthusiasm for religious and social work. St. Mary's Church, Chatham, has seen General Sir Charles Warren, attired in regulation surplice, give a rousing sermon in antagonism to the hostile criticism of the Bible.

Another warm opponent of the higher critic is Sir Robert Anderson, until recently chief of the Criminal Investigation Department.

Religious enthusiasm has likewise invaded the Bench; and his honour Judge Willis must be numbered among those who find an abiding joy in the promulgation of religious truth. Indeed, so much have his labours been appreciated by the denomination to which he belongs, that only the other year he was appointed president of the Baptist Union.

Numerous are the Members of Parliament who find time to discharge similar duties in the midst of the stress of business and party strife. Not only are very many of them acceptable speakers at P.S.A. gatherings, but the House of Commons includes not a few lay preachers, such as Mr. A. W. Black, member for Biggleswade.

Busy newspaper editors are to be heard at times in the pulpit, and also on the public platform. A noteworthy example is Dr. Robertson Nicol, who controls the BRITISH WEEKLY, the BOOKMAN, and other publications, and is recognised as possibly London's greatest authority in journalism. Formerly a minister in Scotland, he has never lost his first love, and is a frequent and acceptable preacher.

Still another busy editor who is often invited to preach is Dr. Downe, the chief of GREAT THOUGHTS. It was but the other day when he created a sensation in the theological world by his criticism of the orthodox views on eternal punishment.

Among editors of our great morning dailies who have voiced their opinions on the social problems of the hour might be mentioned Mr. Robert Donald, of the DAILY CHRONICLE.

In like manner many of our leading clergymen and ministers have proved themselves adept journalists. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, in spite of his numerous church engagements, found time to edit, until recently, that well-known monthly, THE YOUNG MAN.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould has also accomplished much good journalistic work in his day, and besides being a novelist of high repute, is a naturalist of no mean standard.

Talking of novelists reminds one of the brothers Hocking, Silas. and Joseph, whose works are so much in demand at the present moment. Both are also eloquent and popular Nonconformist preachers.

But to conclude, we might mention the Rev. Dr. Watson, who, till the other day, was ministering in Sefton Park Church, Liverpool, and who, besides winning high honours as a theologian, has perhaps made himself much more famous as "Ian Maclaren," the sympathetic delineator of Scottish character.

HOW TO READ YOUR FUTURE in a TEA-CUP.

See series of Cup-Reading articles now running in

HOME NOTES.

Published Every Friday.

Id. Weekly.

Towns as Smart Shop-keepers.

Tunbridge Wells Grows Hops and Dresden runs a Newspaper.

EVERYONE is more or less conversant with municipal trading. It is by no means uncommon for communities to possess their own lighting, water supply, and tramway system; but there are many ramifications of the idea that are curious, quaint, and, at times, amusing.

Only the other year Torquay aroused the envy of the municipal world by the success with which it conducted sheep farms, rabbit warrens, and game preserves.

A short time previously the community had been compelled to acquire the area from which their water was drawn in order to preserve the purity and wholesomeness of the supply. The Town Council, being in enterprising mood, saw no reason why the four square miles, of which they were now proprietors, should be allowed to run to waste; and so, to the satisfaction of their constituents, they have developed the estate in the profitable manner indicated.

Yarmouth and other seaside resorts are also municipal traders of a novel type. They are to be found in the ranks of the theatre and music-hall proprietors; while Glasgow, Liverpool, and Paisley have proved themselves most efficient as concert-caterers.

Agriculture is the paying hobby of Farsley District Council. This corporation possesses among other things a sewage farm. Like Torquay Council, the members did not see why their property should be unproductive, and now it is used for the rearing of tons of potatoes and cauliflowers.

TIMBER SALES REDUCE THE RATES.

In Scotland the royal and ancient burgh of Lanark busies itself with forestry, and from time to time the Town Council gladden the hearts of the inhabitants by relieving the rates by means of a judicious sale of timber.

A similar branch of municipal trading is that pursued by Tunbridge Wells. Hops are the especial cultivation of this popular Kentish town, and the labours of the corporation in this respect have been attended with much success.

Every now and then we hear the reform of the milk trade strenuously urged. To St. Helens fell the honour of making a practical step in this direction, municipal milk-shops being established two or three years ago. In this connection it may be added that not a few towns and cities have since followed this progressive move by St. Helens.

In Manchester quite a number of branches of municipal trading are to be witnessed; and it is interesting to record that the Lancashire city manufactures all her own oil, soap, brushes, and mortar.

Macclesfield's municipal enterprise has taken the odd direction of securing a municipal cemetery; but Hull is even more up to date, a crematorium being the particular possession of the eastern sea-port.

COLCHESTER BELIEVES IN OYSTERS.

Shakespeare has been a veritable gold-mine to his native town, Stratford-on-Avon, the museums in which the relics of the immortal bard are housed being run by the local authority.

Colchester is celebrated far and wide for her splendid oyster fisheries; and many a hard-up borough might envy the handsome revenue Doncaster annually derives from horse-racing.

Looking abroad, we find that foreign towns are not behind our own communities in the matter of curious forms of municipal trading.

Melbourne, for instance, may be described as a quarrymaster; while Taunton, Mass., U.S.A., feeds pigs upon the street garbage, and makes the experiment pay.

Dresden has municipalised journalism, or rather runs her own daily paper. But surely to British eyes the strangest branch of municipal trading is the municipal pawnshop, which has been adopted by several of the important Continental communities.

Nor is this idea very modern, for history shows that the first of these pawnshops to be established was promoted in Munich as far back as the year of grace 1751.

VISITOR: "What do you do when Johnnie is naughty?"
Mamma: "Put him to bed without any supper."
Visitor: "Well, what then?"
Papa: "He cries, and she carries it up to him on a tray."

HE: "So you are in the habit of talking to yourself."
She: "Yes. You see, I've got to tell somebody my secrets, and if I tell them to myself I'm sure that they won't get any farther."

The Countess Russell's article, "Should Women Sit on Juries?" appears in the RAPID, published on February 12th.

By Geo. R. Sims.

IV. IN THE LAND OF HOPE.

WE have wandered in the by-ways of Shadowland, let us to-day keep on the sunny side of the road, and turn off only where the sunlight is.

The sunshine of life is hope. It is in the land of hope that we will journey and take the byways as they come.

A turning off the main thoroughfare in the crowded West, and we are in an old-world square. There is a large old-fashioned house on the left-hand side. There is nothing to attract our attention as we pass it, nothing to give us a hint of what is going on behind the sedate brick walls and the prim closely-curtained windows.

I am privileged to introduce visitors, and so we may knock at the door. It is opened by a servant nun—for it is a religious house. We are shown into a little reception-room, so artistic and so peaceful that we seem suddenly transported into another world.

Two Sisters of Charity enter and receive us, and permit us to see the wonderful work that is being so quietly accomplished.

There are large rooms in this house, for it once was a nobleman's palace. But there are no gay squires and dames in the spacious chambers to-day.

Everywhere we see only women, young women, and middle-aged women. They are washing, ironing, working at this and at that. All are employed.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

We are in the presence of the tragedy of a great city. There is hardly a woman here who has not known what tragedy is. For this is a house of refuge. The door is closed, but never locked. At any hour of the day or night, the lost, friendless soul has but to knock and enter. She can pass out of the cold and clamour of the cruel street into the warmth and peace of the haven for those who have sinned and suffered and who cry for a friendly hand to lift them up out of the depths.

For many of these poor girls and women we see around us, there was last night only despair. To-day there is hope. They have passed from the shadow into the sunlight. Whether they will go back into the shadow it is for them to say. Some will undoubtedly do so. They have lived a reckless life so long, it is difficult for them to have their every hour planned and ordered for them. They will grow weary of work and discipline and the absence of excitement, and all their good resolutions will break down.

But many are at the turning point of their lives. From the night that, weary and ill, perhaps cold and hungry, they knocked at the door of the house of refuge and asked to be taken in and saved, the clouds have been breaking above them and the sunshine finding its way into their hearts.

The gentle women who have given their lives to this noble work hold out a helping hand to each poor wanderer who crosses the threshold of hope, and say to her, "Come, sister, and sin no more."

LIFTING UP THE FALLEN.

No matter how ragged, how wretched, how fallen into the depths the "sister" may be, she is welcome here, and here if she will she may begin her life again and learn with honest hands to earn her daily bread.

Until such time as she can be trusted and trust herself, she can work here and receive in return food and shelter, succour and loving kindness.

We bid the good sisters who have been our guides over this ark of refuge for the frail and fallen "good-bye," and pass out into the street.

When the door has closed behind us, and there is nothing but the dull bricks and the curtained windows to look at, it seems almost as though we had just awakened from a dream.

The peace has vanished, the silence has become the dulled roar of London. A few steps through another by-way and we are in the heart of another city of refuge—a city that is as the old cities of refuge were; a "cover" to which the beasts of prey betook themselves to hide from danger or to rest between their predatory expeditions.

We will not linger in this city of refuge to-day, for some of its by-ways might lead us out of the sunshine.

We will strike away further West, and enter a district which is perhaps the blackest spot in London's heart.

But we shall find the sunlight there. At the end of the by-way that we traverse is a big building. We enter by a side door, and on that door, if any word were carved, it should be the brightest word in the great lexicon of life—Hope.

We are in a school now. Seated at long rows of narrow desks are little children, girls of seven or eight and a few little boys, who, because of their weakness, are taught for a time with the girls.

The children are at work, not with their brains, but with their hands. They are making with the soft clay in front of them the best imitation they can of a flower that is modelled in clay for them to reproduce.

You have but to look into the faces of the little ones to know that they are no ordinary children. They are all feeble-minded. Many of them come from homes that are terrible to think of in association with innocent childhood.

Most of them have a family history, which is a grievous record of crime, disease, insanity, and vice. Years ago these children would have been looked upon as beyond the pale. No teacher would have undertaken the task of trying to educate them.

AN INHERITANCE OF DRINK AND CRIME.

All that is changed to-day. In the special schools, of which this is one, the feeble-minded are gathered together, and to them are appointed teachers who devote themselves entirely to the task of rousing the dormant intelligence, and of strengthening the weak will-power which is characteristic of degenerates old and young.

Wonderful work has been accomplished among these luckless little ones, whose frailty is their inheritance.

It cannot be said that for *all* there is hope. Some of them are doomed. They have not the strength of brain or the power of will to resist their environment, and the sins of the fathers will be visited upon them—in some cases even to the last penalty of the law.

But for many, who to us as we look at them are only objects of despair, there is a chance.

The kindly lady who passes her days among these hapless little ones will tell you of many a triumph, of children whose mental improvement has been not only steady, but rapid, and who, starting heavily handicapped in the battle of life, will, if they can only be kept from the destroying influence of their home environment, become good and honest citizens. "Hope" is the teacher's watchword. I have seen the records of what has been accomplished, and I know that her hope has been justified in cases apparently beyond the reach of human endeavour.

FREEDOM FOR THE PERSECUTED.

Let us leave the children happy for a time in the quiet of the schoolroom, secure in the watchful guardianship of the kindly teacher, and pass to another scene.

Again it is a scene of hope.

We pass through a huge playground packed with children who are waiting for the school bell to ring. We cannot understand what most of the little ones are saying, for they speak a jargon with which an Englishman is not expected to be familiar.

A few weeks ago some of these children came with their parents from all the horrors of persecution and massacre which are often the fate of the Jew in the land of the Tsar.

From the terror of fire and sword, and the peril of infuriated mobs, these children have passed to a land of freedom—a land in which they will probably accumulate wealth and become prosperous citizens.

Many of the little ones romping in the vast playground have passed through the shadow—aye, the Valley of the Shadow—but now they are as gay as song birds in the sunshine.

NEVER HEARD A WORD OF ENGLISH.

It is a marvellous change to happen in a week or two—a change from the depths of despair to the heights of hope.

Let us go into one of the class-rooms. Here are lads who have been in London some months. They are already mastering the English tongue, for these children acquire knowledge with extraordinary rapidity.

Many who a year since knew no word in any language save the Yiddish jargon, which is a mixture of German and Hebrew, are now reading passages from Shakespeare, and reading in many instances without a trace of accent.

These lads—yes, and the lasses, too—often master English so perfectly in a year or two that they speak it without any accent at all. There are boys at this great school—it is the Jews' Free School—who ere they are men will write English so perfectly that they will contribute articles and stories in English to the English periodicals. You would not imagine then that some of these young writers until they were twelve years of age had never heard an English word.

Hundreds of these young aliens who came from the pales of settlement in crowded emigrant ships with their unfortunate parents are now holding good positions on the London and provincial Press, and have a far better knowledge of English literature than the average young Englishman.

The capacity of this gifted race for acquiring everything, not omitting capital, is astounding.

Nowhere perhaps are they so interesting as when you see them, children fresh from the land of their tribulation, in the great Free School that is in a by-way of the East-end.

To appreciate what remarkable progress the little aliens make in the school, you should wander down another by-way to the great river one afternoon, when a ship laden with Russian and Polish Jews is anchoring in midstream, and the boats are going off to bring the passengers to the shore.

WHEN THEY FIRST REACH MERRY ENGLAND.

What a scene it is—what a babel of strange sounds—what a carnival of queer costumes! The immigrants—many of them ragged refugees with dirty little bundles as their sole possessions—swarm into the narrow courtway that leads from the landing stairs, and shriek and gesticulate for the interpreter or the agents of the shelter or of the lodging-houses who are there to guide the first footsteps that they take in the mighty capital of which they have heard so much.

You see the timid little ones clinging to their mothers' skirts. See them again in six months' time in the Free School or playing merrily in the side streets. The transformation is marvellous. And it has begun from the first moment their little feet touched the free soil of England, the land of hope for all the world—except some of the natives.

* * * * *

It is night. The sun has set, but we may yet wander beneath the star of hope.

TRYING TO REACH THE "BOTTOM DOG."

A by-way in a busy neighbourhood in the West, a neighbourhood lying off the glitter and glare of the fashionable streets.

A shelter. There is no mistaking what the place is, or that it belongs to the Salvation Army. The Army does not hide its light under a bushel. It puts the light where all men may see it that it may guide the wanderers to a haven.

There are all sorts and conditions of men in the big common room of the shelter to-night—all sorts and conditions lying upstairs in the berths to which they have retired to sleep and forget.

The gospel of the shelter is hope. "The man we are eager to get at," says the superintendent, "is 'the bottom dog.' We want to help him up."

There are plenty of bottom dogs in the shelter to-night, and very battered and bruised and soiled they are through having occupied that position in the fight with fate.

THE CAUSE OF MANY A FAILURE.

Here is a poor ragged, unkempt, weather-beaten tramp. You speak to him and you are surprised that he answers you in correct language and in a cultured voice. He is not a born tramp—you see that at once—but you don't surmise that he is a man who was once a merchant in a big way of business in a northern town.

Drink?

Yes, drink. That is one of the commonest causes of the downfall of those who drift to the shelter.

A cheery officer comes in and looks round. He recognises a man, goes to him, and greets him cordially. The greeted man is caked with the mud of the street. His clothes are tattered, his feet are through his boots.

But the cheery officer knows him. Yes, they tramped together and slept in the same doss-house until a few months ago. Then they got separated. The one man came to this shelter, a bottom dog. He was lifted up. He saw hope, because hope was shown him. Now he is one of the most trusted officers in the shelter, and his occupation is to help up other bottom dogs.

We leave the shelter and go out into the highway. It is a damp and dismal night now, and the pavements are wet and muddy.

But the weather doesn't affect us, and the street doesn't seem so dismal after all.

The light of the Army shelter shines over it, and that is the Light of Hope.

(Next week: A Boy and Girl Hunt.)

AUTHOR (after first production): "Well, what do you think of my play?"

Lady Friend: "It was just lovely! Who designed the heavenly dresses?"

WIGGLES: "Every piece of money I get, I try with my teeth."

Biggles: "But aren't you afraid of microbes?"

Wiggles: "Yes, I am rather, but I'm much more afraid of getting false money."

"YOUR husband seems to have an exalted opinion of you," remarked the bride's aunt. "He says you are his right hand."

"Yes," rejoined the young wife, with a sigh; "but he's one of those men who never let their right hand know what their left hand does!"

"Could We Do Without Music-Halls?" Herbert Shaw discusses this burning question of the hour in the February RAPID, published on February 12th.

SMALL SHOPS THEN— BIG EMPIRES NOW.

When Countries have Imitated the Pushful Tradesman.

EVERYBODY knows how many mammoth businesses have started as very small concerns. It has been exactly the same with most of the world's vast empires and big kingdoms.

Take the British Empire to begin with. It was, of course, founded by John Bull and Co. This firm, subsequently to become so celebrated, began in what may be called one very small shop. For all his proud title, William the Conqueror was a small potentate, as potentates are reckoned nowadays. His dominions consisted only of England and a bit of France. He did not hold sway over Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

Even the terrible Henry VIII. kept a very small shop, as the empire business is understood nowadays, since he only ruled over England and Wales, the Channel Islands, and one French town, Calais. Not much of a business for a man who thought himself so tremendously important and put up such a big sign.

COMPETITION COULDN'T CRUSH THE PARIS SHOP.

The little Scottish shop declined to be swamped by the stores next door. But in 1604, when James I. became King of England, it was taken into partnership on equal terms. Ever since then the firm has prospered amazingly, and has, so to say, set up shops all over the world.

Bull and Co.'s greatest rivals were formerly Jacques Bonhomme and Co., who ran the French business. But now there is a cordial working agreement between the two firms. Bonhomme and Co. also commenced operations in the empire line on an extremely modest scale.

At the outset, after the break-up of the Roman Empire, France was divided into innumerable petty states—dukedoms, principalities, and lordships. Kings were cheap in those days, and France had four of them, all at the same time. One was the King of Paris, whose dominions were less than Yorkshire in extent.

But such a pushing, elastic, never-say-die firm they have been! Nothing could crush them. Fires, robberies, deadly competition—they have fought against all of them. Bit by bit the Kingdom of Paris shop crushed out the other Royal establishments. They were all conquered, annexed, taken possession of, somehow. But it wasn't done in a day. It took 600 years and more for Bonhomme and Co. to build up France itself, apart from its colonies and independencies.

The French colonies cover more than 4,000,000 square miles. All this has come from the "little shop" called the Kingdom of Paris.

The extensively advertised business carried on under the style of Deutschland, Unlimited, was founded in such a small way that the present heads of the firm do not care to talk about it. Nobody, in fact, seems to be quite sure when the first little shop was set up or who owned it.

At the time when William the Norman won the Battle of Hastings there were dozens of rival shops—that is, rival kingdoms, and dukedoms—established in Germany. Competition was very severe. The rival establishments fought each other tooth and nail, and everything was considered fair in the way of business. If a town or a family became rich and powerful it was generally blotted out by its rivals.

CONTINUALLY CHANGING THE PARTNERS.

This sort of thing went on for centuries. The chief partners of the firm were continually being changed. Sometimes one royal family got to the head of affairs, sometimes another. All this time there was a family named Hohenzollern, which was looking out for a chance.

At first the Hohenzollerns kept a very small shop. They had one castle, at Zollern, near Hechingen, in Germany.

They had a few hundred miserable peasants to plunder. They kept in their service a band of servitors whom they employed to levy tribute on the neighbours. The family never missed a chance of getting on and adding new branches—that is, new territories and subjects—to their business. Finally one of them founded the Kingdom of Prussia, and subsequently a King of Prussia became German Emperor.

Three partners were responsible for the setting up of the firm of Ivan Ivanovitch of Russia. Nobody seems to be sure as to who the original inhabitants of Russia were. Anyhow, in the year 862 three Norse pirates, Rurik, Sineus, and Truvor, suddenly appeared in Russia at the head of a gang of freebooters. They took forcible possession of the district of Ladoga, which was considerably less in extent than a present-day territory of the American Union.

Rurik's brothers died very soon. His version of the catastrophe was that the climate did not agree with them, but his enemies used to hint that he knew more about the business than he cared to own to. In any event Rurik got the whole shop—or territory—for himself, and married a girl of the country. Then he set to work to build up the business.

He did pretty well while he had the chance, but after his death the Chinese Mongols took possession of Russia and kept it for over two hundred years. Then Rurik's family resumed their interrupted management of the business, and added to it, until they had built up one of the biggest empires in the world. All the Tsars claim to be descended from Rurik.

At the time when William Caxton was producing the first English printed books at Westminster a large part of Spain was in the hands of the Moors. The Moslems had crossed from Africa, and nearly swamped the country. For hundreds of years no power could dislodge them. The white people in Spain were confined to two tiny kingdoms, Castile and Arragon.

A BUSINESS THAT ALMOST WENT BANKRUPT.

The Moors threatened to absorb these two little States. Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Arragon were compelled to join their kingdoms by marriage and help each other. It was a sheer fight for existence. In the end they won. Then by conquest and marriages they and their descendants, not satisfied with all Spain, added to their dominions Naples, Sicily, Milan, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Peru, Mexico, Jamaica, and Hayti, beside a great deal more. It was an empire so vast that it threatened to enslave the world in a universal despotism.

But Philip of Spain was not content with his own big shop and all its branches. He wanted the flourishing little business which Miss Bessie Tudor was carrying on on her own account, under the style of Queen of England. He proposed to Bessie, who scornfully refused him. Then he endeavoured to take the little shop by force—and came to grief.

In other words, Philip sent against England the "Invincible" Armada. It was boldly met and scattered by Drake and the English sea-dogs. The big Empire of Spain never recovered from that staggering blow.

DRAPER: "I hear your horse threw you the other day."

Crupper: "Nothing of the kind; it was merely a coincidence. At the very moment my horse kicked up his hind legs I dismounted over his head."

THE BACK WARNS YOU

"Every picture tells a story."

DO you feel out of sorts; back aching, head aching, limbs aching?

Perhaps you suffer also from urinary troubles, or gravel, or constant tiredness, nervousness or dizziness?

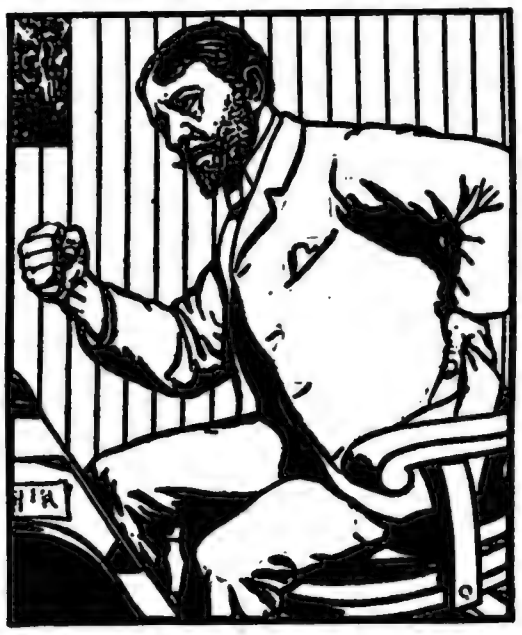
And you don't know what's the matter with you? And no medicine you take does you any real good?

Has it ever occurred to you that your kidneys may be out of order? Perhaps weak only, perhaps diseased?

If they are weak or diseased you will suffer from symptoms of kidney disease such as those named above, and very likely from gravel, or from watery swellings under the eyes or round the ankles, and from kidney diseases such as dropsy, rheumatism, stone, gout, lumbago, neuralgia, and sciatica.

Do you know that only a kidney medicine can cure the kidneys?

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are a special and very efficacious kidney medicine, strengthening and curing diseased kidneys. They stop kidney trouble if taken at once, and cure long standing and obstinate cases.



"Before my cure by Doan's backache kidney pills I was so ill that I had given up all hope of ever getting better," writes Miss A. M. Steadman, 130 Cambridge Road, Kilburn, London, N.W. Miss Steadman's illness was dropsy and serious kidney disease, from which she suffered agonies, her feet, legs and body swelling terribly. Dreadful pains in the back, shortness of breath, and a very low-spirited feeling, were other trials. Miss Steadman went into hospital, where the doctors pronounced her illness a most serious one. After five weeks she returned home, feeling somewhat better, but a week or so later the swellings and pains came back worse than ever. She went into hospital a second time, but on her return her condition was pitiable—legs, arms and body swollen to an alarming degree; in fact, the doctors had declared that she could not possibly live another three months.

It was then that Miss Steadman was advised to use Doan's backache kidney pills, and she had not taken them long before she began to feel the benefit. By continuing the treatment, her health gradually and surely returned until at length a complete cure had been effected, and Miss Steadman was again able to go about her work with pleasure.

It was in February, 1903, that Miss Steadman was cured, and in December, 1906—*nearly four years later*—she said: "I am happy to say I still enjoy the best of health, and feel sure my cure is a permanent one. It was Doan's pills alone that made me well."

Of all chemists and stores, 2s. 9d. per box; 6 boxes 13s. 9d.; or post free direct from Foster-McClellan Co., 8 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

Are YOU suffering from BACKACHE? Are you sure it is not KIDNEY ACHE? Rheumatism, Gout and other Uric Acid Diseases, Urinary Troubles, Dropsy, are some of the other Results of KIDNEY DISEASE.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

Readers who wish to start the Competition now may obtain from their newsagents issues Nos. 854 to 864 inclusive, containing the first fourteen sets of pictures, or they will be sent for 1s. 4d. to any part of Britain, or 1s. 6d. abroad, post free, from the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

There is Still Time to Win

£500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

ONE CASH GIFT OF . £250 | ONE CASH GIFT OF . £100 | ONE CASH GIFT OF . £50

One Cash Gift of £25. One Cash Gift of £15. One Cash Gift of £10. 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each. 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each.

Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain object or objects which, either singly or collectively, represent a surname.

What you have to do is to find the longest surname made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound).

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

You have now to examine the pictures given, and discover the surname which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the names down in the spaces provided. Then fill in your name and address, cut across the page at the place marked, and keep this set of pictures by you until all the subsequent sets have appeared.

The prize of £500 a Year for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY actually receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions.

A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: One Cash Gift of £250; One Cash Gift of £100; One Cash Gift of £50; One Cash Gift of £25; One Cash Gift of £15; One Cash Gift of £10; 10 Cash Gifts of £5 each; and 500 Cash Gifts of £1 each. No competitor will receive more than one gift.

FIFTEENTH SET.

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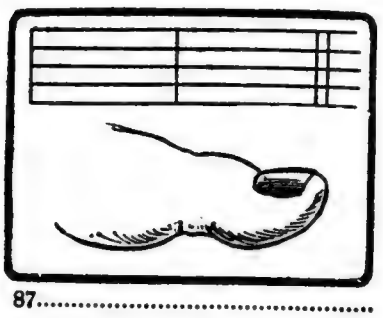

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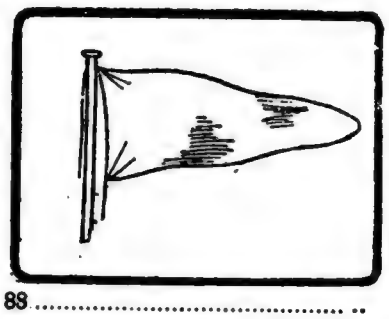

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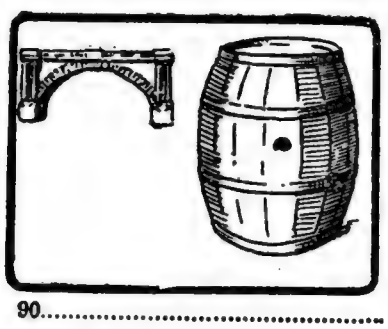

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Another Set of Pictures will Appear Next Week.

Name..... *Address*.....

All the surnames depicted in the sketches will be found printed in a list of surnames which we have compiled, and which will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, addressed wrapper. Apply to Room 7, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Only surnames which appear in this list will be admitted.

Full conditions governing this competition appeared in number 853, and will appear again shortly.

CUT ACROSS HERE.

BLACKMAILERS WHO MURDER MILLIONAIRES.

THE recent terrible tragedy at Westbourne Grove serves to remind us that the Money King, no less than the other sort of king, lives in ever-present danger of assassination.

It is not so very long ago since one of the best known and wealthiest of the Rand magnates was shot dead in his own office at Johannesburg by a blackmailer, who demanded £5,000 at the pistol's point. Mr. Russell Sage, the New York millionaire, died peacefully in his bed the other day; but his life was three times attempted in a like manner, the last occasion being on December 4th, 1891, when his secretary and three clerks lost their lives in defending him.

When Pat Crowe, a notorious American blackmailer, wrote to Mr. Cudahy, the Chicago multi-millionaire pork-packer, threatening him with immediate death unless he paid £50,000, Mr. Cudahy replied by surrounding himself with a private armed bodyguard.

Thereupon Crowe changed his tactics and kidnapped Master Cudahy, a lad of twelve, as he was coming home from school. Then he wrote to the father stating that unless his original demand was at once complied with the child's eyes would be burned out with vitriol. The money was paid.

A. T. Stewart, who was to New York what William Whiteley was to London, was worried by murderous blackmailers into his grave—out of which his relentless persecutors then hauled him, to demand £100,000 for his remains from the family. Their demand was acceded to.

Jay Gould, in order to prevent being assassinated, paid over to various blackmailers during the last twenty years of his life no less than £480,000, the receipts being found, after his decease, carefully docketed amongst his private papers.

THEODORE: "It's all right, darling; I have met your father, and we took to one another at once. He even went so far as to borrow £10 of me. Surely he can't refuse me your hand after that."

Edith: "Dory, I'm afraid you've made a mess of it. Pa told me about the £10 and said I'd better give you up—that you were too easy-going."

A LANDLUBBER AT SEA.

A FELLOW who had never been to sea applied to the skipper of a merchant vessel for a berth.

"Very well," said the skipper, "I will take you on as an able seaman."

On the night that the vessel left port the newly-made able seaman was told off to keep a sharp look-out and report anything he saw. Presently he saw the lights of a vessel ahead, and shouted out "Bridge ahoy."

"Hullo," sang out the skipper.

"There's something on ahead of us," replied the able seaman.

"Can't you make out what it is?" asked the skipper.

"Well," was the answer, "it looks like a chemist's shop, for it's got a red and green light."

"I SAY, old man, I've a great mind to write a book."

"I doubt it."

"Doubt my ability to write a book?"

"Not at all; but I'm doubtful about the great mind part!"

RECENTLY a young man had the misfortune to be run over. It was not until the wheel had passed over the poor man's leg and gone a few yards farther that the driver shouted, "Look out!"

The unfortunate man struggled to a sitting posture and replied, with bitter sarcasm, "You're not coming back, are you?"

A SUPERIOR OFFICER.

A CUNARD liner was making its way from the docks when its passage was found to be blocked by a barge.

The second mate was ordered to hail the craft and clear the way. Leaning over the rail of the monstrous vessel the officer looked down with a frown and demanded the bargee to make way.

"Who are you?" cried the bargeman.

"I'm second mate of this ship," replied the other, threateningly.

"Oh, indeed," answered the man. "Well, I am captain of this vessel. Do not attempt to give orders to a superior officer!"

And he proceeded slowly to clear.

GHOSTS WHO SING INTO GRAMOPHONES.

WHEN you hear the name of this great diva, or that famous comic, sonorously ejected from the trumpet-mouth of your gramophone, you naturally conclude that you are listening to their actual voices.

Sometimes you are. But then, again, frequently you are not.

The reason for this is not that the makers of the machines, any more than the producers of the records, wish to defraud the public. It is owing solely to the fact that certain artistes' voices, although excellent in themselves, do not lend themselves readily to phonographic reproduction.

In such cases the services of a substitute, known technically as a "ghost," have to be requisitioned. There are certain men and women whose vocal organs are capable of a wide range of expression, combined with powers of mimicry of a high order.

These qualities are cultivated until they are brought to a perfectly marvellous pitch of perfection, and, at the same time, the practising "ghost" strives assiduously to attune his (or her) voice to the particular timbre which experience has proved makes the best records. Once this feat is accomplished, a steady income is assured, for new records are constantly required, and the people who can make them to order are few and far between.

Needless to say, the greatest pains are taken to mimic faithfully, not only the exact notes of the artistes, but also all their little mannerisms, tricks of inflection and pronunciation, and so forth; and so perfectly is this accomplished that in many instances even the artistes themselves are unable to tell, when listening to the reproduction of the finished record, that it is another voice than their own which is issuing from the mouthpiece of the instrument.

VISITOR. "Do they treat you well here?"

Prisoner: "Generally, they does only they hurts me feelin's by their lack of confidence. They won't let me have a latch-key."

"WHY, that coat doesn't fit a bit," said Edgar's sister. "It's all waves up and down your back."

"That is what I told the tailor; but he said you had to expect that because it was a surge suit!"

The most important questions of the day are explained in the February RAPID, ready on February 12th.

How to Increase.. .....Your Income

Modern Methods of Money Making.

A Good Book to Read.

At the present day it is open to the average man to so take advantage of simple means of investment that sums of money, no matter how small, can be utilised in most profitable ways.

A great many people know nothing of these things, and are content to allow their money to remain in Savings Banks where the interest yield is so small as to be practically worthless. Three per cent. may be all very well for the bulk of a man's spare capital, but it should always be remembered that very much larger yields can be secured with scarcely any risk. It is not, of course, urged that a man should endeavour to utilise all his spare money at a high rate of interest, but that a certain proportion might be so used is coming to be a current view of the right side of things.

As a result of the demand for authoritative enlightenment along these lines, there has just been published a book, which is what it purports to be, an essay "On the Scientific Increase of Income." The whole of this book is directed towards showing the unwisdom of being content with an insignificant return upon investments, when with scarcely any greater risk surplus funds can be used much more advantageously. The small investor cannot but be interested in the various methods of increasing income which this book describes. In page after page will be found clear suggestions and descriptions of methods for obtaining ten, twenty, or even thirty per cent., whilst towards the end of the book are described methods of a more speculative character, whereby, with, of course, some increased risk, sums of money can be doubled and at times trebled.

One feature of the book is a description of the method by which an interest may be obtained in stocks and shares by depositing only a small part of the market value. For example, the reader will here find how by investing only £5 he can obtain complete control, for the time being, of £500 worth of stock, with all the advantages which that control implies. His possible loss is strictly limited to the £5 deposited, so that in no way can he be taken out of his depth. This method of controlling stocks is used by all the great capitalists of the world, and has been brought to the highest pitch in America, where Wall-street is the birth-place of millionaires. Investing in stocks and shares on deposit, however, is only one of the many ways described in the book. The whole volume, which can be easily read in the course of an hour, will be found a liberal education in modern methods of money-making, and by acting upon the advice contained therein, it is possible for continuous profits to be made by positive beginners. A copy will be sent free of charge to anybody who writes—a post-card will do—to Messrs. Arnold & Butler (Room No. 323), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

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THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

Vincent Hartley is a scoundrel. He deceives the daughter of a moneylender named Israel Zorzi, and when the father seeks revenge he kills him. What is more, he induces another man to confess the crime. He has managed to get Muriel Danebridge to marry him.

Jim Ellicott intends committing suicide, and he agrees to die with Hartley's crime attached to his name. But a light enters his darkness; Muriel Danebridge renews her engagement to him, and life is once again worth living. Hartley holds him to his promise, though. He is arrested for Zorzi's murder, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, but manages to escape.

Muriel Danebridge is under the influence of her aunt, Lady Blanthorpe, an alderman's widow, who wants her to make a good match. Muriel was engaged to Ellicott before he was sentenced.

Juan Asperillo is a Spanish artist, and Shebah Zorzi's lover. He swears to have vengeance on her betrayer.

Shebah Zorzi, the moneylender's daughter, is in hiding in a convent at Casalarreina.

Detective Nall is the investigator who has the Zorzi murder case in hand.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.

"It is My Duty to Find Him."

ASPERILLO took a long breath as the door opened. There was only one figure there, and it was not Shebah Zorzi.

A tall woman in black, wearing a white cap—that was no whiter than her face—stood on the threshold. She regarded the two men out of impassive, patient eyes. She looked like one who had once borne a burden. The past of a man and a woman always leaves its subtle signature written for those who have eyes to see.

She looked at the priest, who stood under the grating holding his shabby hat in his hand, only for a moment, and switched her gaze on the younger man. And it seemed to Juan Asperillo that there was understanding in her dark eyes, and knowledge, and, which is better than both, wisdom, which is simply the capacity to use knowledge.

"So this is the man," she said in a gentle voice, speaking to the Padre Veja, but not looking at him; "this is Señor Asperillo."

The priest nodded. These two seemed to save words in communicating with each other as though they had said all that mattered long ago. And it seemed that she knew the story, either from the priest, or from Shebah Zorzi, doubtless from both, at least what both knew, which was not all. Only, it was enough, and there was charity in her eyes.

"I am glad you have come," she said to Asperillo softly.

"It is on business, my Mother," he answered, subtly on guard.

"Yes, yes; a matter of the money, is it not?" She paused a moment thoughtfully. "Is this matter all?" she asked.

"I have to acquaint her how her father died also," answered the young man, fingering his papers with a little crackling sound. "It will, of course, be a shock. She does not know he is dead."

"No; it will be a shock . . . yes. Think how you can lighten it. A burden is eased by placing a hand under it, not upon it."

She spoke in allegory, after the manner that is beloved in Spain. The man searched her face for the fuller meaning.

"I mean," she said, interpreting his glance, "that mercy and forgiveness may save a soul; that money may lose one."

She went out as softly as she came in, and it came to Juan Asperillo that some women live very near to Heaven even upon earth.

"And yet, all within these walls," murmured the Padre Veja, from the bench beneath the grating, seeming to continue the other's reflection. "Now, if she had been within the world—that woman. The lamp that burns behind shutters gives no light to wayfarers who stumble in holes."

From which it would seem that the father held heretical notions about holiness behind thick walls. Indeed, this good man held some views that would have been accounted beyond his time—in Spain—and he retained some that the time had generally abandoned.

There are many old ideas worth clinging to. He was discriminating, this old man, and chose of the best from that which was old-fashioned, and that which was new.

"I suppose she will be here in a moment—the señorita," he said.

"You still wish me to be present?"

Asperillo inclined his head.

"Yes, my father; this is only a business interview," he answered with his mouth set hard.

And it was well he had himself in control at that moment, for the door opened, and Shebah Zorzi stood in the way.

Shebah Zorzi entered the little grey room quietly, as one who has been learning the lesson of obedience. She saw the Padre Veja, who had risen and was flicking off, with exaggerated care, a speck of dust from his cassock by means of a handkerchief that was somewhat gay in colour for his age and walk in life. And he was doing it with a singular detachment, showing visibly, to all concerned, that he was not an actor in this scene.

The girl's eyes seemed to take in this attitude. She transferred her gaze to the other man as the Mother Superior, entering, shut the door.

The pink in her face suddenly disappeared, as though wiped off by a sponge, leaving it ashen. Her bloodless lips parted. Her eyes, so big and blue, stretched wide open with mingled amazement and fear.

And it was the eyes that seemed to dominate the whole face, to have written in them a thousand vague wonderments and apprehensions.

For a moment she stared at Asperillo, rigid as stone, with one hand plucking mechanically at the skirt of her black dress, and the other clutched across her breast.

It was a moment when those who watched held their breaths. Those two watchers, who were old, and had human experiences sealed in their hearts, lived the moment as though they had been actors in it.

The Padre's red handkerchief fell to the floor, and he did not appear to be aware of the fact. The Mother Superior's face had gone haggard, as one who comes face to face with a sudden dread.

For a brief moment Shebah Zorzi stood there, groping, as it were, in the darkness, thinking incomplete thoughts, as though she had wakened from a long sleep upon scenes that puzzled and terrified her. For it must be remembered that she knew nothing of the tragedy that her sin had set moving. She did not know that others had become involved, that while she had been hidden here out of the world, other lives, who were in the world, had been filling up the blank.

A pencil of sunlight gleamed through the grating upon the coil of her gold-yellow hair—light from the outer world.

And then, of a sudden, both hands went to her face. She bent forward and stumbled towards the bench under the barred window. She made no sound, but sank down upon the seat, with her face still in her hands.

Not one of them was capable of saying quite the right thing at that moment. No one spoke.

Asperillo sat with his fingers crumpling the papers he held in a mechanical way.

The Mother Superior stood unmoved by the door, her gentle eyes taking in the scene.

The Padre Veja only moved. The other two saw him put a big hand tenderly on the girl's shaking shoulder, much as though she had been a little child.

And he was the first to speak.

"My child," he said softly, "there is nothing to be afraid of."

Presently she spoke. She seemed to force the words from her, and her voice was lifeless.

"You have found me," she said, apparently addressing the man to whom she had been betrothed, though she did not look at him. "Now what do you want?"

Asperillo engaged himself with his papers.

"It is—yes—a matter of business. This was the only way to do it. If it had been otherwise. . . . And there was no one else . . . no."

"No one else?" she echoed, bringing her eyes from the ground, if not understanding, perhaps fearing.

"Your father's resources are, of course, not all immediately available," he went on, like one who had learnt a lesson; "but, so far as it is possible to tell, under the terms of the will, which give you half, you will be the mistress of at least fifty thousand pounds—perhaps a little more."

And then in forgetting herself she became herself. She sprang to her feet, with a hand extended in front of her as though to ward off a blow.

"Do not tell me," she cried in a broken voice, "that my father is dead."

The Padre Veja's eyes were eagerly set on Asperillo's face, perhaps because he feared there might be a sting in the manner of the reply. Asperillo spoke quite simply, neither heightening the effect nor yet neutralising the truth, which was perhaps the wisest.

"Yes, he is dead," he said. "He was killed."

A little suppressed sob broke from her lips, and the next question fell swift and harsh in a voice that did not seem to belong to her:

"How was he killed? Was it an accident?"

"He was murdered."

"*Madre he Dios!*"

The words came like a wail, and then she broke out almost fiercely:

"Tell me all! Who murdered him—and why? Tell me!"

Asperillo fingered his papers. He had calculated on dealing with the monetary matters which these documents concerned first of all. He hesitated for a choice of words, and the Padre Veja, understanding, loved him for it.

"There was a man who had done your father a grievous wrong," began the artist slowly; "not a wrong that could be wiped out by words or by money—only by blood. *Dios,* it should have been my work, not his! Can an old man strike? Yet he would go. He sought to kill—the man. But his arm was weak, his limbs were slow with the slowness of age. He did not kill, but was killed. The man shot him."

"Who was the man?" cried Shebah Zorzi hoarsely, insistent, with a new look coming into her eyes that seemed like fire burning at the back of them. Asperillo saw the expression, and he read it aright. It was dawning rage—the rage that would grow into hate.

"Tell me who the murderer was," she demanded.

"It was . . . the man you trusted," he answered simply.

She had not thought quickly enough to have arrived at this conclusion before. The sudden horror of it, and the swift self-condemnation that assailed her with the realisation of how much she had by her frailty and trustfulness contributed to this end, fell on her brain like a blow. And there came, too, shame and self-hatred, and shame again—a shame that seemed to overcome her, to deprive her of speech, to make her dimly wish that by a thought she could find death. For she had dishonoured the love of this man who spoke. This was the hour of her humiliation, even if it was the hour of her awaking hatred. She had sunk down upon the bench again, and there was no speech on her lips.

Asperillo continued in the quiet, even voice that demonstrated his conquest of himself.

"Of course, he was arrested," he said—"that man. Ha, he made a defence that was of a devilish ingenuity! He even tried to put the guilt upon another man. But it was no good. Justice is harder to deceive than a woman. And he was condemned. If it had been death, I should have been satisfied, but that English law says there are degrees of killing. And this degree was that your father contributed to his own death because it was clear that he had gone out intent on taking vengeance upon—upon this man.

"And so the sentence was fifteen years' penal servitude . . . and the law took no notice—of—of anything else. For me this was not enough. What would you? He had merited death, and I had been sharer of the oath with Israel Zorzi. Was I to wait—what, fifteen years?

"I schemed and plotted and spent money. I bought a man who had the power to open the door of the prison where he, this man, was confined. I got him out—to kill him. And then, *Dios,* I was fool enough to let him escape me."

"And now?" interjected the girl fiercely.

"He is still at liberty. It is my work to find him. I have money—the other half of Israel Zorzi's, your father's, fortune. I shall spend all that, and all my life if necessary, to find him."

"And I," exclaimed Shebah softly, and in the falling of her voice came an intonation of passionate resolution that was full of dreadful significance—"and I. My money—my life—and——"

The Mother Superior held up one hand to cut short this vehement outburst. This woman had the undefinable quality of command.

The Padre Veja knew the gesture. He remembered it, with the unaltered proud lift of the head, many years ago, when they were both young.

The memory of the dead hopes of youth came back to this old man when sometimes his books grew dull and did not seem companionable.

Shebah stopped. The wholesome habit of obedience, which she had begun to learn in this place, where self and desire were subjugated under the heel of a cold discipline, had entered too deeply into her life for her to remain indifferent to its influence.

"My child," said the Mother Superior, "it is for Him who gives life to take it away. This is not for the peace of your soul. There is no peace in sin. Think over this, my child—and pray."

The Padre Veja rose to his feet as a sign that it seemed good to him that the interview should end.

"It would seem a puzzle," he observed to Asperillo, as the two went down the hill towards the village, "why the good God makes such men as—as that one, unless it be that they are intended for warnings to keep other men off the road to Hell."

"You mean—that villain, my father—Ellicott?"

"Was that his name? It did not seem quite like that. . . . I had heard it . . . the confessional. . . . I am not quite sure. Perhaps it was so. I can't remember. It is an English name . . . yes. They are droll names, those English. What would you? . . . They are droll people. I saw many at Gibraltar once. They were going down to the beach with towels. It is said they go into the water . . . and this for pleasure, mark you. Ellicott is that man's name, eh? The world is a big place, *amigo,* for a man to hide, and one might spend a life—two lives—in seeking him, and yet not find."

"Two may find more easily than one," said Asperillo reflectively.

"Yes," answered Father Veja, nodding his wise old head, with his eyes upon the blue sea far away, where the ships went by; "but there are better things for a man and a woman to seek than vengeance."

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE.

Wreckage Cast Up by the Sea.

THE hastening tiller sometimes gets the worst harvest," observed the Padre Veja, as he dipped his panecillo into his cup of stiff breakfast chocolate. His housekeeper took no particular thought of what he should eat, but she made chocolate well, and it was flavoured with cinnamon, which the Padre liked. "It was not to be expected," he continued, handing the fingers of bread over to Asperillo, "that so much could be done in a day. Transactions such as that . . . where there is money . . . take time . . . yes."

"I am not exactly impatient," returned the artist, "but I want to get on. It is more satisfactory to spend the time in fruitless endeavour than to see time go by and no endeavour made."

"*Cielos,* it was one afternoon . . . yes, but not wasted. You drummed your heels all the time, perhaps, like a barber on a Monday. But you cannot make seed sprout quicker by running round the field. While you were watching the water yesterday afternoon the señorita had her thinking to do. And perhaps an afternoon and an evening—even all night long—are not enough to think all the thoughts that must have come to her. A long journey is not to be set upon hurriedly. Life is a long journey. She is now as one coming to many cross roads. Who chooses without thought may take a wrong way."

"Her mind seemed made up yesterday," said Asperillo thoughtfully. "It was her mother's blood that spoke."

"By to-day perhaps peace has come," said the priest. "It is no work for a woman—to set out to avenge herself. Nor shall any justification be found for blood guiltiness."

"Have you never suffered, my father?" cried Asperillo passionately.

"Yes, my son. I once played—and lost," returned the old man gently. "Who has not suffered has not known life."

"My father, who knows life? Each man knows his own life, that's all."

Canon Horsley's answer to "Can We Stop Betting?" appears in the February RAPID, ready on February 12th.

"As it passes . . . yes . . . but many are blind, and must have no understanding."

"I mean that one may not judge for another."

"The good God judges all."

The Padre took out his paper packet of cigarettes in silence. He selected one with proper discrimination, although they were all equally bad, and lighted it with an evil-smelling match that burnt blue for nearly ten seconds before a respectable flame came.

"But, of course," he said, going back to the practical, "this matter will need seeing to properly. It means a lawyer . . . yes. Those lawyers must always come where there is meat to be picked. Now in Algeciras there is a notary who has no longer claws than any other."

"And yet it might be better if Shebah went to London," said Asperillo reflectively.

"With you?" suggested the old man, watching a fly on the ceiling with abnormal concentration.

"No, not with me," answered Asperillo, rising to his feet and going to the little balcony outside the window.

The Padre favoured the fly with a stony, inscrutable stare.

"Let us walk down to the quay," he said presently. "The life of this place gathers on the quay . . . yes." Strictly speaking, the life of Casalarreina gathered before the taberna that was built outside the old wall beside the Moorish gate—that is, if that which does nothing from morn till eve but blink at the sea and doze in the sun may be called life, though it may be that they thought volumes. The idle man is often credited with being a thinker.

They walked down the narrow, cool street, past the blank space where a house had tumbled into ruins and the palm-tree and geranium ran riot, under the arch made by dusky hands ten centuries ago, and out upon the space by the quay. And then it was found that the philosophers of Casalarreina were not at their accustomed avocations. There was some excitement in the air. Men were hurrying to and fro on the quay, bearing oars and sails and the varied fittings of boats. And then, the eyes of the pair going seawards, they saw the cause and reason of it all.

A steamer lay at one horn of the little bay, stuck fast upon a reef.

"So that is the end of a ship," observed the Padre.

"And your folk are in a hurry after the pickings," added Asperillo.

"It is a fool who has the door locked when Fortune knocks," returned the priest. "But see, there are men on that ship, unless my eyes are cheating me. That signal——"

"Yes, it means distress," said Asperillo. "I am going in one of those boats, if they'll have me."

"And I, meanwhile, will see what food and what quarters are to be had. Some of us may have to sleep on the floor to-night. At least, who sleeps on the floor cannot fall out of bed."

The first man from the wrecked steamer to land upon the quay was Miguel Toras. He saw the stout figure of the Padre long before the boat was alongside, and he paused in his rapid speech with Asperillo, who sat on the thwart by his side, and in his jests with his friends who pulled at the oars to wave a frendly hand to the priest as the boat rose on every wave.

"It is I, reverendo," he cried through funnelled hands when they were half-way across the harbour—"I, Miguel, come home again; but with no tobacco in my pocket," he added, with a droll twist of his face to those in the boat. "*Diablo*, with nothing in my pocket except sea-salt, *amigos*. Hi, reverendo, the sea has thrown me up here like wreckage! The sea has brought me home, reverendo."

Father Veja put out his two hands to help Miguel to the quay.

"I don't believe the sea will have you, you rascal," he cried joyfully. "I believe you are destined to be shot."

"Who knows? But that tobacco you are smoking, my father?"

"Is bad," confessed the priest, twisting the cigarette in his fingers. "Yes, I had better before you went to sea. There is no rascal with courage here. But you carried that letter safely?"

"Being an honest man, reverendo. The caballero would tell you." He indicated Asperillo with his hand. "But, reverendo, there is a woman in the next boat," he said, turning to the business in hand—"an English señorita. She has shown courage, but what would you? . . . a woman. She has been wet many hours. She will be exhausted. A bed, my father, must be found for her."

"The sisters?" The old man pointed a hand towards the brown building above the village.

"Yes, perhaps—but it is far. I myself, reverendo—having, as you say, courage—I am at my last flicker. We have been fighting for our lives all night, my father. I could not climb to the convent for the gift of a mule. And she—a woman."

"Señora Zarzuela, at the taberna, shall have the privilege of doing good," said the priest. "Hi, Pedro, tell the señora to put a cup of wine over the fire! It must be hot, mark you, and tell her an English lady will need her care. Now, quick!"

And certainly Edith Smith needed care. She crouched on a thwart, white-faced, haggard, worn to a point of exhaustion. She had suffered twelve hours of mental and bodily strain and a night of horror, in which hope had alternated with despair like a pendulum, till courage was almost worn away.

Even the greatest courage will not drive a body further than it will go. She would probably have fallen into the bottom of the boat if Ellicott's arm had not held her.

"I'm afraid you must be horribly cold," he said. "You've been wet so long."

"You also," she muttered, with a queer little smile—quiver because her teeth chattered and her whole body trembled quite out of control.

"Yes, but sea-water's not very harmful," he returned cheerfully. "And it quite warmed me up too, the effort of getting you into the boat."

Surf was tumbling over the steamer. It had been no child's play transferring themselves to the boat. And Edith, numb and exhausted, had required a great share of assistance.

"Yes, I have been a burden to you these last hours," she said.

He did not agree with this. He was about to say so when he noticed that she was growing heavier on his arm and that her head was drooping. So he held his speech, for they were so near to the stone quay that he could hear someone say something about hot wine, and he could hear some hurried instructions being given by someone. And then the next moment the boat bumped against the steps, and Ellicott saw hands thrust out to give help.

The little stout man in a priest's dress of rusty black, who had had no shave for four days, he instinctively knew to be Father Veja, whom Miguel had talked of. The priest was the first to seize hold of Edith.

"My child, you are among friends," he said, which Edith did not understand, because it was spoken in Spanish. But the tone of the voice was kindly, and she let herself be drawn up, with Ellicott helping her behind.

"She is exhausted and numb with exposure," said Ellicott in Spanish. "She needs warmth and stimulant."

"Everything is prepared, señor—yes, everything," returned the Padre. "See, to that house, señorita . . . but another step, is it not? . . . You are with friends . . . yes. Miguel, you rascal, run and see that the hot wine is ready."

Ellicott came up the steps afterwards. There was a stagger in his walk as one who has run to the point of physical exhaustion. He had on the blue jean trousers he had worn in the stoke-hole. They were streaked where the sea-water had washed the coal-dust out of them. The coat, which he had been in the act of fetching when Hartley struck him down, flapped open, showing the oil-filthed singlet underneath. His head was bare. A week's growth of beard was on his face.

His appearance was such that he might have encountered a very intimate friend and remained unrecognised.

But the man who watched him from outside the group that stood about the top of the steps was not deceived. He stood there with a face of stone—waiting.

And Ellicott slowly mounted the steps.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX.

"You Do Not Look Like a Villain."

The group of men and women who pressed about the top of the steps opened out to give Jim Ellicott passage through. He stopped when he got among them, and put his hand to his forehead like a man who has just wakened from sleep or who is trying to ward off either sleep or fatigue. And he seemed to sway in his walk.

"Are you tired, *hombre?*" asked somebody jocularly. For one calls a man a man in Spain with perfect courtesy, which is as it should be, for there is no finer title.

"Well, I didn't go to bed last night, *amigo*," replied Ellicott in the same mood, "and it has not been a game of ball during the last few hours."

It had been a game of dice, though, and he had been playing against death.

He walked through the group, and came face to face with Juan Asperillo.

He stopped with no more surprise than if this had been an appointment. Indeed, though the circumstance, in the stress of other events, had not been present in his mind just lately, he had been perfectly aware, or had looked upon it as extremely probable, that he would meet Asperillo at this place, whither he had determined to go. He knew of the letter which Miguel Toras had borne from the hand of the Padre Veja. If he had not known its contents, it was clearly relative to Shebah Zorzi.

From Miguel he knew that the artist had been unsuccessful in his endeavour to see the girl on his former visit. It was a natural conjecture that he would wish to do so at the first opportunity. If the priest's letter indicated that opportunity, it would follow that Asperillo would lose no time in making for Casalarreina.

These considerations flashed through his mind upon a well-marked and familiar course as he came to a standstill.

"It's strange," he said in an even voice. "I calculated somehow that I should meet you here."

"I suppose it is that the Evil One is with you," returned Asperillo in English.

Ellicott laughed, and jerked his head towards the water.

"It is the sea," he explained, "as you may observe. The sea has thrown me up here."

"And there is a good lot of the Evil One in the sea," retorted Asperillo.

"Yes, yes," conceded Ellicott, a little wearily. "There's a good lot of the same quality everywhere, I've found. Not that I can complain at this moment. The sea has cast me up where I wanted to come, where, in point of fact, I intended to go when I set out in that ship. Yes; she, I take it, will never get any nearer to Gibraltar than she is now. All the same, it seems strange meeting you here. Our last meeting had some elements of excitement in it, if you remember."

"Here, in Spain, a matter like that—a quarrel, for example—can be satisfactorily concluded," observed Asperillo, with a gesture of his hand over the wild brown hills.

"By a stab in the back?" suggested Ellicott. "Or by attacking your enemy when he is unarmed?" he added reminiscently. "I have at least the advantage now of knowing my man."

"Do you think you deserve consideration?" said the other, with tightening mouth. "One kills vermin at sight."

"I might have killed you at the conclusion of our last meeting," observed Ellicott. "As it was, you woke up on that quiet moor with nothing worse than a pain in your head."

Asperillo nodded concedingly. There was certainly that to be said.

"You see, we like what we call in England 'fair play.' Now, I fancy you haven't learnt that in Spain yet."

"We know what honour is, señor."

"Yes, it is here held honourable to attack an unarmed man."

"Señor, it is here held dishonourable to prey on a woman's virtue," retorted the Spaniard sibilantly. "You have come here now! Why?"

"I am here now—to-day, my friend," returned Ellicott, with a whimsical smile, "because the perils of the sea have willed it. On the other hand, had we got to Gibraltar safely, I should have arrived on this spot, with good luck, perhaps three days later. My interest here is not identical with your own, but it involves the same individual. I believe she is at that convent on the hill there."

"May the hand of Heaven crush you!" muttered Asperillo under his breath, with his hand groping at his hip. "Have you not done enough? You would seek her here? Are you not satisfied?"

Ellicott was not slow to perceive the other's meaning.

"You will probably withdraw those words—when you know," he said slowly—"when you know how long you have believed a lie. You are feeling in your pocket. Yes, I am an unarmed man this very moment, and I am almost dead with exhaustion. I hardly feel mentally equal to saying all I should like to say—now, but this: I have come here to find Israel Zorzi's daughter, because she can prove my innocence."

Asperillo's hand came from his hip, but it was empty. Beads of moisture stood on his forehead; and white patches showed on his face. He spoke in a lower voice, deep and tense for all his restraint.

"This is not a thing to talk of in public," he said, "even though we speak in a language that is strange to these listeners. The Evil One must have taught you how to lie, because by your lies you first deceived a woman, and afterwards your nearly deceived justice—but not quite. Do you think I am to be deceived as well? Am I a woman?"

"You have been deceived more than the woman was," answered Ellicott a little wearily, "even if you have not paid so heavily. You will call yourself a fool when you know the truth. There is a saying in this country something to the effect that it is a fool who builds anything on mud. You have spent some months, it would seem, in building on the softest kind of mud. For a lie is about the most unstable thing in human experience. I have come here to get that lie ticketed—I mean, the lie that sent me to prison. Or, rather, there were two lies, were there not? But one hangs on the other. The man who shot Israel Zorzi was manifestly the one who—wronged his daughter. Now, Shebah Zorzi will know who that was. I have come here to see her——"

"Diablo! If you so much as attempt to go near her," broke out Asperillo under his breath, "I will shoot you!"

"Very well. So long as I know, I can be prepared," rejoined Ellicott quietly. "The last time you didn't give me warning. That was the Spanish way. I shall certainly see this—this lady. And I believe I am able to defend my own life. If this attitude of yours (which, if you will allow me to mention it, is sheer pig-headedness) causes you to lose yours, the blame will be on your own head. You see, I am seeking rather more than life now."

He meant his good name, but Asperillo did not understand, because he was filled with the folly and blindness that the lust of vengeance sometimes gives to a man. For hate can become madness. He had in his mind a saying that is current in Spain—and other places—that love is more than life, and deep down in the depths of his mind he had a horrible suspicion that this man's object in seeking out Shebah Zorzi was to renew (as he believed) his illicit relations with her.

"You are seeking your death," he ejaculated fiercely.

"No; my honour," Ellicott answered, turning on his heel.

(Another long instalment next week.)

FOR THE BEST AND FULLEST REPORTS OF FOOTBALL

read the London

Daily Express

On sale at all Newsagents' and Bookstalls throughout the Country.

She: "Did you ever take your motor-car to pieces to see how it worked?"

He: "Well, not exactly. I have taken it to pieces to see how it didn't work!"

AS A BALANCE.

For more than a week the teacher had been giving lessons on the dog, and so when the inspector came down and chose that very subject there seemed every prospect of the class distinguishing itself on brilliant essays about our canine friends. Things were progressing quite satisfactorily and the master was congratulating himself on the trouble he had taken, when, alas! a question was asked which made him tremble for the reputation of his scholars.

"Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his mouth?" asked the inspector. "Yes, my boy?" he said to a bright-looking lad who held up his hand while the light of genius was in his eye.

"Please, sir," cried the pupil, "it's to balance his tail!"

And the teacher groaned in anguish.

"Should Married Women Work Outside Their Homes?" The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, write their different views in the RAPID, published on February 12th.

GOING! GOING!! GONE!!!

The Methods of the "Knock-out" Men may Shortly be Illegal.

NOTHING is supposed to be simpler than an auction. Articles are exposed for sale, the public are invited to quote the prices they are willing to pay for them, and the goods are then stated to become the property of the people whose offers are the highest.

Yet simple though this process may be, it is an open secret that practices of scarcely a scrupulous nature have been introduced into the auction mart whose consequence has been to deprive the auctioneer and the clients whose goods he sells of the fair profits to which they are entitled. These practices are accomplished by rings of dealers, known as the "knock-out," who have adopted and perfected a system of co-operation which works so simply and effectively that a goodly proportion of the profits of the auction can be directed to their own pockets.

The manner in which the "knock-out" men work is as follows: Prior to the sale they meet, and after conference with each other fix prices for the various goods, above which they agree not to compete; and, as many of these dealers are extensive buyers, it is obvious that many articles come into possession of the ring at much lower prices than they would were all the members bidding against each other. In this way is the primary object of the auction, the securing of the best price possible for the seller, defeated.

AUCTIONS AT A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

But it must be noted that the members of the "knock-out" do not merely make this arrangement with each other in order that each may get the article he wants to buy at an exceptionally low price. The game is much more subtle than that.

After the auction is over the "knock-out" men adjourn to some private meeting-place, perhaps the back parlour of some public-house, and there, free from interruption, they hold a second auction, when the goods purchased by them in the open market are exposed for sale once more.

At the first auction an article may have been bought by the "knock-out" men for 10s.; it may now realise as much as £20. The primary 10s. having been paid over to the man who bought it in the ring, the remainder of the second price is divided among the various members of the party.

This means, it will be seen, that the real profits of the auction, the difference between the low price secured by the private understanding among the members of the ring, and the price received at the private sale, which would have been obtained in the open market had all been competing against each other, are annexed by the "knock-out" men instead of by the clients for whom the auctioneer is officiating.

Such is the method by which the "knock-out" is worked. It is difficult for outsiders to realise the extent to which it exists in London. Every branch of dealing: books, jewellery, curios, and pictures, seems to have its own "knock-out" ring.

Indeed, there are actually "knock-outs" within "knock-outs," by which the wealthier members exclude the smaller fry and prevent them from getting too large a share of the profits of the transaction.

Of course, the "knock-outs" have their own little rules, according to which they are conducted. For instance, no one can take part in the private sale who had not attended the public auction. The result is that at these auctions dealers attend, who have no intention of making bids whatever, but have merely put in an appearance that they may qualify for a division of the spoil at the private "knock-out" sale to be held later on.

THE WAY TO STAMP IT OUT.

To such dimensions has the "knock-out" nuisance grown that it is on the cards that His Majesty's Government have been persuaded that the time has come for Parliamentary intervention, and it is not improbable that the "knock-out" system may be declared illegal at a very early date.

How this is to be accomplished remains to be seen. According to some authorities there is no need for new legislation, but for more stringent enforcement of existing laws. For instance, auctioneers require to take out a licence, and it is urged that as many of those who officiate at the "knock-out" auctions possess no certificate their action is scarcely legitimate.

On the other hand, it is not thought that this would lead to the abolition of the evil, for these licences would soon be procured by the "knock-out" auctioneers. The better way, it is contended, would be to make private auctions impossible. In this way the operations of "knock-out" men and rings of dealers would be rendered completely ineffective.

HOSTESS: "Won't you sing us another song before you go?"

Jones: "Well, it's getting very late and I shouldn't like to annoy your neighbours."

Hostess: "Oh, don't mind that; they have a brute of a dog that barks every night, and I should be very glad to take my revenge."

THE LAST RESOURCE.

SHE was wan and full of care, and she approached the draper's counter with a timid cough.

"I want a pair of gloves for my Jim," she said. "He's going to a dance."

"Yes, madam," said the assistant, producing the white kid box. "This is the kind, I suppose?"

"Them!" cried the wan woman. "Goodness, no! They'd be no good. My Jim's got a hand like a shoulder of mutton. Besides, they're too dear. Haven't you got something like the pleecemen wear at about sixpence-'a'penny?"

The assistant smilingly regretted that they did not keep that kind.

"Oh, well," sighed the wan one, "there's no 'elp for it! Jim'll have to wash his hands after all!"

SHE: "So you told Lady Buncomb she looked as young as her daughter. That caught the old lady, I know."

He: "Yes; but it lost me the daughter."

"I SEE Follansby is on his legs again."

"No, he isn't. He hasn't a halfpenny. Had to sell his horse and carriage."

"That's what I mean. Now he walks."

"I NOTICED your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday that she was ill?"

"So she was; but to-day she's on the mend!"

APPROVED ENTRANCE.

TOM MAKEPACE was fond of cycling, and was more or less of a scorcher. He revelled in pace-making, and he boasted that no hill was too steep for him to take full tilt.

One day, however, he altered his opinion about rushing down hills, for instead of going round the corner at the bottom of a very steep descent he went straight on and smashed through the window of a jeweller's shop. In due course he crawled out of the hospital and paid the jeweller a good round sum for damages.

But history has a way of repeating itself. It did in this case, anyway, and another cyclist entered the jeweller's shop by the window. Then it became apparent to the shopkeeper that it was time to take action. When a third window had been put in, an amused crowd stood outside and read this notice:

"Cyclists are particularly requested to enter this establishment by the door."

BOVRIL

REPELS

INFLUENZA

Ask your Doctor!

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Baked Bananas.

Take quite ripe bananas, wash them in warm water, cut off the ends, and arrange them on a shallow dish, and bake very slowly for an hour. If baked too quickly the juice will evaporate and leave the fruit tasteless and dry. Serve hot, with a little cream.

Baked Coffee Custards.

Make half a pint of very strong coffee, mix with it half a pint of boiled milk, beat two or three eggs into it, sweeten, and pour into a greased pie-dish. Bake very slowly till set, scatter chopped almonds over, and serve hot or cold. (*Reply to* CHEFICISS.)

Potatoe Pastry

Is both economical and good, if these quantities are used: Take four ounces of cold boiled potato passed through a sieve, mix it with four ounces of flour, two ounces and a half of firm dripping, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. This, when rolled out thin, is very good for jam tarts, pies, etc.

Orange Flavouring.

Take the peels of small Mandarin oranges, or the very thin rind of any sweet orange, let it dry thoroughly, then pound it to a powder in a mortar with loaf sugar. Pass it through a sieve and place in an air-tight bottle or tin. This is a delicious flavouring for creams, cakes, and puddings.

Pickled Sprats.

Pickled sprats is a dish that most people may have, for the fish are both plentiful and cheap. Take some sprats, clean and dry them, and lay them in a jar or deep pie dish. Pour over them a pickle made of one part of vinegar, and two parts of water, a few peppercorns, and a bayleaf or two. Remove the fish from the pickle, and serve cold for breakfast. (*Reply to* BROWNLEIGH.)

Royal Pudding.

Over six ounces of breadcrumbs pour one pint of boiling milk, cover till cold, add four ounces of caster sugar, two ounces of almond meal, a tablespoonful of brandy, a few drops of ratafia essence, and four well beaten yolks of eggs. Butter and ornament a mould with candied peel, pour in the mixture and steam for an hour and a quarter. Turn out, and serve with any sweet pudding sauce.

Carraway Brandy

Such as you had in Germany, was probably made as follows: Put one ounce of carraway seeds in a quart bottle after slightly bruising them in a mortar. Make a syrup of four ounces of sugar candy and one pint of water; when cool, pour it into the bottle, fill up with brandy, and let it stand for five or six weeks, then strain and bottle. (*Reply to* RICHMOND.)

Savoury Cabbage.

Wash a nice spring cabbage, boil it in water with a pinch of salt and a little soda. When the vegetable yields to the pressure of the finger, take it out and squeeze dry, then put it into a clean saucepan with a little butter, salt, and nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of grated cheese. Pour over all a little milk, and stew for ten minutes. Serve very hot with grated cheese.

Herring Pie.

Cut off the heads and tails of three herrings, and sprinkle a little salt, pepper, and ground mace over them. Grease a pie-dish, and lay the fish in it. Cover the fish with chopped apple and onion (using the apple and the onion raw). Scatter a teaspoonful of chopped parsley over all, and put little pieces of butter on the top. Add two tablespoonfuls of fish liquor or water. Cover with a nice crust, and bake one hour.

Devonshire Sponge.

Mix together a teacupful of fine flour, ditto caster sugar, adding a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Break three eggs into the flour and sugar, and beat till all is thoroughly mixed. Pour into a greased tin spread with oiled paper, and bake in a sharp oven for seven minutes. Then spread half the cake with lemon curd and half with apricot jam and roll. Place in a sieve till cold. Cut this in half inch slices, scatter desiccated cocoanut over, and serve either hot or cold, as convenient. (*Reply to* ELGAR.)

CONCERNING SLEEPING SUITS.

THIS is neither time nor season to discuss the superiority or otherwise of the sleeping suit over the old-fashioned night shirt. Both have their advocates.

Now ready-made sleeping suits appear to be very inexpensive, at least, some of them—but it must be sadly confessed that only too often these garments shrink out of all knowledge, or are of so scanty a cut as to be by no means comfortable.

Whether you choose ordinary flannel, flannelette or Ceylon flannel—the latter is excellent wear—for the materialisation of No. 16800 here shown, must depend upon yourself, but the making is a very simple affair.

The trousers will merely need seaming up and finishing at the waist with a deep hem, through which a cord with tasselled ends must be run, that the waist may be drawn up to fit the wearer.

That the coat is unlined goes without saying, but you must face the fronts and the turnover collar must be cut in duplicate. Three patch pockets are provided for in the five yards of 36 in. goods required, but not infrequently only one such pocket is provided—just for the handkerchief.

Of course, there is really very little fit about a garment of this description. At the same time it is important that it be not too small, and you will do well to compare the porportions of our stock-size pattern with the prospective wearer before cutting it. Take his measure across the back, on the shoulders, across the chest and down the leg from the waist. White bone buttons or wooden ones covered with the material are correct in a case like this.

No. 16800. Paper pattern, 6½d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

YOUR CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

MOTHERS, teach your children to think for themselves, and when they come to you with their theories and their beliefs, agree with the good that is in them. If there is anything that seems to you wrong explain it away, if you can reasonably; if not, let it alone till you can do so.

Children can no more think exactly as their parents do, and still preserve their individuality, than they can resemble them physically in every detail, and forcing is as impossible in the one case as in the other.

CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.

KIND hearts are more plentiful than persistently kind and gentle voices, and yet love loses much of its power when the voice is sharp and hard. Try, therefore, most earnestly to acquire the right tone in speaking and guard yourself carefully from falling into careless and bad habits of voice.

Often a sharp voice shows far more ill-will than the heart feels, but people do not know that the speaker's "bark is worse than her bite," and they believe her to be ill-tempered and disagreeable.

It is so easy to pick up a sharp and snappish manner of speaking. Very often it is acquired in mirth, and in the give-and-take battles of words in which boys and girls delight. There is no malice in their sallies, and a great deal of fun; but, meanwhile, the voice is often acquiring a sharp and shrewish tone which sticks through life, making it stir up strife and ill-will among its listeners.

So watch the tone in which you speak, and take care that it is gentle and sweet. A kind voice is like music in the home, and is to the heart what light and beauty are to the eye.

THE ETIQUETTE OF LETTER WRITING.

WE all of us know how to address our friends when writing to them, the endearment at the beginning of the epistle and the warmth of the ending being indicative of the degree of affection we bear them; and to acquaintances it is also a matter of personal feeling whether we begin our letter with "My Dear Mrs. A." and end "Sincerely Yours," or whether we put "Dear Mrs. B." and conclude with "Yours Truly." Certainly the latter would be the most correct form toward a slight acquaintance, though there would be no absolute breach of etiquette in adopting the former.

There are, however, many other kinds of correspondence which are bound some time or other to come under every woman's notice, such as communications with tradespeople, business transactions, taking up servants' characters, and writing to servants themselves.

The recognised form toward the first-named is "Sir" or "Madame," signing "Faithfully Yours."

This signature is essentially a business one, and should never be used in social correspondence.

Frequent errors are made between ladies in writing for information concerning domestics. The proper form is to commence the communication thus:

"Mrs. C. presents her compliments to Mrs. D., and would be much obliged if she would kindly inform her if Mary Smith, who lived with her as cook," etc. The list of questions desired to be answered would then follow, and should be as clear and brief as possible.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1907.		FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.
Good Friday . . .	*March 29.*	S 3 10 17 24	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28
Easter Monday . . .	*April 1.*	M 4 11 18 25	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29
Whitsun Monday . .	*May 20.*	T 5 12 19 26	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30
Bank Holiday . . .	*August 5.*	W 6 13 20 27	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24
Christmas Day .	*December 25.*	T 7 14 21 28	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25
Boxing Day . .	*December 26.*	F 1 8 15 22	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26
		S 2 9 16 23	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

To Clean Sink Pipes

Pour down a gallon of boiling soda water, which will clear away all the grease.

The Boilings of Beef and Salt Pork

Make very good pea and lentil soup, if the salt be neutralised by the addition of some brown sugar and carrots.

Dried Haricot Beans.

For boiling do not put in the salt till the beans are nearly cooked, otherwise they are apt to split and crack.

A Clean Fire for Grilling Purposes

Can be obtained by sprinkling over it a little powdered nitre. This is used by all first-class *chefs* and grill cooks.

Stewing

Is the most economical mode of cooking, as it needs little heat, and the vegetables so necessary for the flavour increase the bulk of the stew.

Gravy for Poultry.

Place the giblets, neck, heart, liver, etc., of the bird in a saucepan with enough water to cover; let simmer until the goodness is out, then strain, thicken with flour, and add a pinch of salt.

The Paraffin Stains on your Carpet

Can be removed by rubbing the spot with lime water, thus a lather is formed, which can be removed with clean cloths. Apply lime water again till all sign of the paraffin is removed. (*Reply to* JESS.)

When a Savoury Stew

Is made and there are bits of bread to dispose of, let the housewife try the rich effects of sippets in her stew. First she should take her bits of stale bread and cut them in pieces, which are fried in clarified dripping and slipped into the stew. These mingle with the gravy, and are a great improvement to it.

A Diet Lesson Learned by a School Teacher.

A teacher at Warminster writes:—

"I am an assistant teacher in the South of England. I had always enjoyed excellent health and spirits up to the age of twenty-one, but at that time I was occasionally troubled with 'a liver,' and foolishly began to take patent medicines. From that time my good health and spirits vanished; I became very despondent and suffered from nervous debility, losing the interest, even, in my favourite sports. This went from bad to worse, till I began to experience attacks of diabetes, and I felt like giving up hope. However, about a year ago your food was recommended to me by a friend. I tried it, and from my first meal I commenced to go in the right direction. The diabetic attacks disappeared, my nerve force at once began to strengthen, my old spirits returned, I discarded all medicines, and am now a strong and cheerful man. I do not mean to say that your food is a medicine, but building up the nerve force strengthens and invigorates the whole system. I could write a very long letter in praise of Grape-Nuts, but to everyone 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating'—and digesting—and I would sincerely advise all, even if they are quite strong, to try a box." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

If your food does not agree, you are certain to have trouble, and all the drugs in the chemists' shops will not cure you. You must remove the cause, and start with a scientific food such as Grape-Nuts, which is so prepared that it is easily digested by the most sensitive stomach of even an invalid or small child within an hour, and is at the same time remarkably sustaining, because one pound of Grape-Nuts contains more nourishment *that the body will absorb* than several pounds of bread, potatoes, meat, &c.

One reason for this is that the starch of the grains, wheat and barley, of which Grape-Nuts is made, is changed by mechanical processes—not chemical—into a form of sugar, and the difficulties which so often bring on "starch indigestion" when other foods are taken, is avoided when Grape-Nuts food is used.

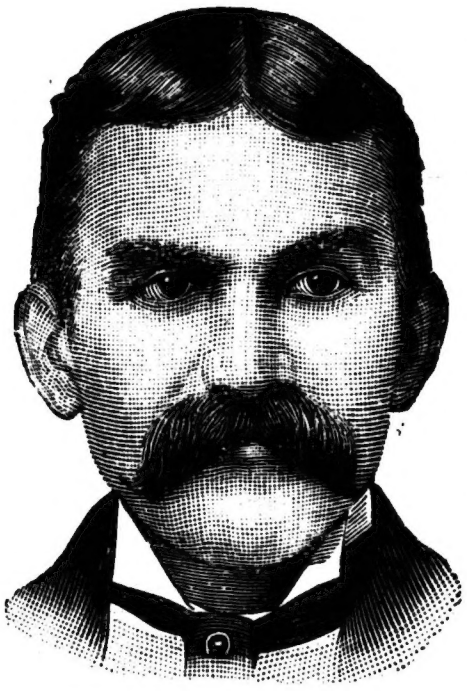
This teacher also found the invigorating effects in the brain and nerve centres from the phosphate of potash which is contained in Grape-Nuts. This is a nourishment these tissues *must have*, but it is absent in white bread and many other foods.

7d. per packet. "Ask the Grocer."

Miss Lydia Weston tells "Why Women Doctors are Unpopular," in the February RAPID, ready on February 12th.

Don't Neglect an Injury!

A WORKMAN'S GRAZED SHIN & THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT—AWFUL BAD LEG HEALED BY ZAM-BUK.



Mr. Robert L. Zeller.

Mr. ROBERT ZELLER, of Chelsea Cottages, Enfield Wash, Middlesex, writes:—"About twelve years ago I slipped on a ladder and grazed my left leg down the shin. A short time afterwards inflammation set in, and I began to try different ordinary remedies. They did not do me any good, so I went to see a doctor. He sent me home to rest, and I was laid up for twelve weeks, but still my leg was not healed. I had to go back to work, and the wounds did not heal up for quite six weeks. The following year my leg broke out again, and I was laid up for another six weeks, after which I went to a London hospital. Here I was told that I had eczema, and they gave me internal medicine. I visited the hospital and took medicine until I was sick of it, and still got no relief. I tried advertised ointments, and sometimes through proper looking after it healed up, but it always broke out again and laid me up. Last year it broke out about Christmas, appearing first in the form of a small pimple. This got bigger and bigger until it broke, leaving a nasty inflamed sore as big as a shilling. I tried various old remedies, but they failed to give me ease. Then one day I tried Zam-Buk and found that it suited my case exactly. As I continued with Zam-Buk the irritation soon left off, and the inflammation died away. After using Zam-Buk for three months my leg was perfectly cured. This happened some months ago, and there has been no sign of the eczema breaking out again."

Zam-Buk is also excellent for chapped hands, sore faces, chilblains, chill and sore throat, pains, pimples, boils, eczema, ulcers, barber's rash, bad legs, diseased ankles, sore backs, chronic sores, rashes, eruptions, piles, etc. Keep a box handy for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, festerings, spots chafings, shaving sores, etc. Of all chemists, or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., 4 Red Cross Street, London, E.C., or C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds, for 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box. The 2s. 9d. size is most economical, as it contains nearly four times the 1s. 1½d. size.

Zam-Buk
RUB IT IN!

GET A FREE BOX

The proprietors continue to distribute, at enormous expense, dainty free sample boxes of Zam-Buk. To get yours send this coupon and a penny stamp (for postage) to the Zam-Buk Co., 15 Greek St., Leeds.
Pearson's Weekly, February 14, 1907.

GENOFORM STOPS PAIN.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

GENOFORM stops all pain.
GENOFORM cures as nothing else will.
You can be sure of relief almost immediately.
You need not suffer a day longer.
GENOFORM will prove a blessing in

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, & NEURALGIA.

GENOFORM TABLETS are easy to take, and are packed in tubes which can be carried in the pocket.

Post Free 1/3 and 2/3. E. J. Reid & Co., 14 Dunedin House, Basinghall Avenue, London.
Of all good Chemists, and of Boots, Cash Chemists, all Branches.
Proprietor, FRITZ SCHULE, Leipzig.

KEATING'S LOZENCES
TINS 1/1½
CURE THE WORST COUGH

JUST PUBLISHED.

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William Le Queux's
GREAT NOVEL
WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH.

At all Railway Bookstalls, &c.

M.A.P.

GIVES MORE INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT SOCIETY THAN ANY OTHER PAPER.

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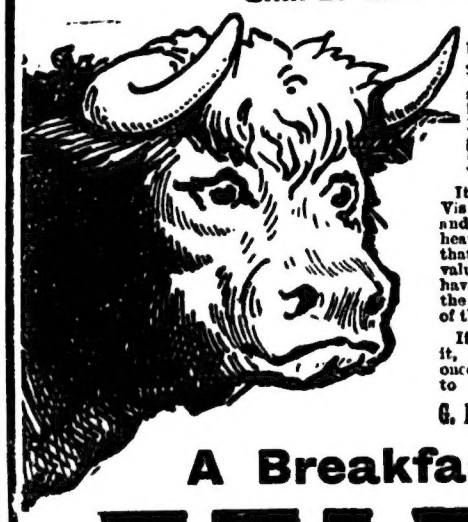
(ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS "OX CUP")

FOR MAKING DELICIOUS **BEEF TEA** WITH VALUABLE VEGETABLE PROPERTIES ADDED.

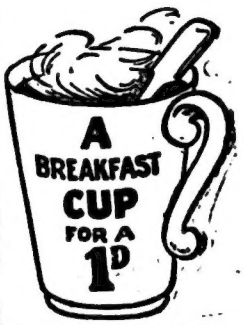
"Ju-Vis" is guaranteed to be a pure, wholesome article, made from Extract of Beef, with valuable vegetable properties added, and supplied in the form of Jelly Tablets at 1d. each.
SIMPLY ADD BOILING WATER.



You simply add boiling water to a 1d. Jelly Tablet of "Ju-Vis," when you instantly obtain a breakfast cup of delicious Beef Tea, greatly strengthened by valuable nutritive vegetable ingredients.

It is by supplying "Ju-Vis" in jelly tablet form, and thus avoiding the heavy cost of bottles, that this extraordinary value can be given. You have only to try it to find the exceptional quality of the article.

If you have not tried it, send a post-card at once for a free sample to



Sold in 1d., 3½d. & 10½d. sizes.

G. FOSTER CLARK & CO. (Dept. 257), Maidstone.

A Breakfast Cup for 1d.

JU-VIS

(ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS "OX CUP")

THE first portion of Mr. George Edalji's story, which appeared last week, has at this moment just come into the hands of the public, and already I have received a dozen letters from readers, who express delight that so powerful a paper as *Pearson's Weekly* has taken this matter up.

I feel confident that the wide publicity which this story will naturally obtain throughout the length and breadth of this country will produce the desired result, and secure for Mr. Edalji the right and proper justice for which England's name is famous. The authorities have up to the moment of going to press not made any definite statement as to the result of their investigations. We are given to understand, however, that they are taking the proper steps to throw a light on this deplorable case, and I hope next week to be able to say that a definite promise has been made to hold a Commission of Inquiry.

Meanwhile, every reader will do well to carefully absorb every line of the instalment which is published in this number. In it you will be able to trace the malicious work of some person or persons who so far have not been brought to justice. The petty annoyances and inconveniences to which the Edalji family was subjected is unfortunately by no means new to village life in England. The hatreds which spring up on the part of one set of persons for another are keener and more bitter than are to be found between persons living in towns and cities.

The terrible part of this particular case, however, is the length to which persons will go in order to give vent to their malice. Another dramatic instalment of this story will appear in the next number.

MR. IPPLE makes this inquiry, "Why do churches of all denominations aspire to a steeple or spire for their places of worship, though they have often no intention of erecting a clock or bell?"——Since the time of the Normans, a spire has been recognised as the distinctive feature of a church. That it was ever intended solely as a location for a clock or bell has nothing to do with the idea of modern church architects, who in drawing up designs for churches simply act upon the accepted architectural conception of a church, and try to make them as much alike externally as possible.

MILLY wants to know why sailors are so much better at a song and at dancing than soldiers. She numbers many Jack Tars and Tommy Atkinses amongst her friends, and has noticed that while all the former can sing a good song, very few of the latter can.——Soldiers, MILLY, when they want to hear singing or to see dancing, can generally go to a music-hall or theatre and pay to have it done for them. Jack can't. If he wants to have a song it has to come from one of his messmates, and if he wants to see dancing he has to join in and dance with his mates—it is often done on board-ship. I think that is a good reason for his generally being more lively than Tommy.

THE HARTLEY COMPETITION.

RECENTLY we asked readers to forecast the fate of Vincent Hartley, the traitorous friend depicted in our serial story. The forecasts considered by the editor to be the best were contributed by the following readers, to whom the twenty-five prizes which were offered have been awarded:

G. N. Hewson, 64 Charnwood Road, South Norwood; S. Michael, Llwyncelyn Villa, Waunarlwydd, Swansea; Mrs. Pearce, Harbour View, Prospect Road, Brixham, Devon; James Parker, Blackburn, Trinity Terrace, Birstall, near Leeds; A. Septimus, Bryntirion House, Salisbury Road, Blandford, Dorset; J. E. Hodgson, 7 and 8 Allen Terrace, Millfield, Sunderland; G. T. Goldsmith, South Street, East Hoathly, Sussex; I. F. Morris, Maxwell's Buildings, Lauriston, by Falkirk; R. MacGeorge, 20 Badlis Road, Walthamstow; C. T. Wintle, Coniston, Cranleigh, Surrey; Miss Halcrow, 18 Woodland Road, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; L. Birch, 50 Waterloo Street, Burton-on-Trent; R. Younghusband, "Bassa," Parkhurst Road, Sutton, Surrey; Mr. R. Buckley, 6 Leach Street, Milnrow, Rochdale; S. M. Jones, 5 Green Hill, Pontaycy, Garw Valley, S. Wales; G. E. Player, 5 Eleanor Street, Hillhouse, Huddersfield; E. J. Price, 61 Princess Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mrs. Milton, Shortheath House, Farnham; J. Powell, c.o. A. Cooper, Draycott, near Weston-super-Mare, Somerset; E. T. Leigh, 38 Hill Top Avenue, Roundhay Road, Leeds; Mrs. A. Waterman, 32 Harlesden Road, Willesden Green; J. S. Lennie, Helenslea, Cambuslang; C. Barklie, Hill Hall, Lisburn, Ireland; A. R. Henry, 3 Camphill Avenue, Langside, Glasgow; A. E. Evans, Audit Office, Gt. Western Rly., Paddington.

"WHY does a Socialist wear a red tie?" asks K. J. ——To hide his collar-stud.

BRUTUS wants to know why so many men, as they get past their youth, get so big round the "waist." "One often sees men," he writes, "who distinctly are not fat, and yet have to wear decidedly big waistcoats. There must be some other reason than overeating and under-exercising for this." ——There is, BRUTUS. My fighting editor tells me it is all the result of the slipshod way in which most young men hold themselves. Instead of bracing up the chest so as to contract and support the "waist," they both sit and stand with all the weight of the upper part of the body resting on the hips. The result is that the muscles and flesh of the "waist" are constantly expanded, and so in time become and remain abnormally developed. Up with your chest, BRUTUS, or you, too, will soon be shifting your waistcoat buttons!

TOM's wife has recently started an innovation, to which TOM very strongly objects. It has always been his practice to see each week how she spends her housekeeping money, and now she has rather "turned the tables." She insists on having from him an account of how he spends his "pocket-money," and this leads to trouble, because she calls an extra packet or so of cigarettes, or an evening paper, an extravagance, and says that he evidently has more money than he needs.——I fear you have brought it on yourself, TOM, and I should suggest that you propose that you do not inquire into the spending of her housekeeping money, and that she, in return, shall not make you account for your pocket-money. It is very irritating for husband or wife to have the other poking into each item of what is, so to speak, "private" money, and it should never be done.

P. G. B. presents a pretty puzzle in patronymics. "Looking through a Liverpool directory the other day," he says, "I found the rather curious surname Rimmer occupying three whole columns, but on turning to the London directory, I found it only mentioned twice."——Since that is so, P. G. B., if my name were Rimmer I would rather live in Liverpool than London. There is safety in numbers. If somebody in London called Rimmer got his name into the police-court reports all my friends would be thinking it was me, whereas in Liverpool, where Rimmers are so common, I should not be suspected. There is nothing very curious about there being so many Rimmers in Liverpool. In nearly every district of England you will find two or three surnames far more common than others. I know one Devonshire town in which there are a tremendous number of Palks, and another which positively swarms with Tuckers.

A REGULAR reader of *P.W.*—a lady—who recently went out to Toronto to be married, writes me in a long letter her views on the country which is now her home. They are so different from what one generally hears from Canada that I give some extracts. "It is not a cheap country to live in," she writes. "You can't make a fortune; only a bare living, if that. The Englishmen here are much disliked, and of the Canadians in this town it can only be said that they have 'manners none and customs beastly.' Englishmen who have been to Quebec and Montreal tell me it is different in those cities; there are real Colonials there, old families who settled centuries ago; but Toronto is a new town and very American. Its ignorance of England is astounding, and the people are always asking you if you don't think Toronto is more up-to-date? They have a lot to learn yet, I can tell you; in all the refinements of life they are years behind us. I am simply longing to be home again, and never more to see this hateful place." ——What have my other Toronto readers to say?

WEIGHTY reflections seem to come to BANKER while he is undressing. Unloading his pockets the other night he made the astounding discovery that he has no fewer than nine of these; while his wife, he reflected, has but one, and that she does not use, because she can never find it. "Now, how on earth does a woman get along without a pocket?" asks BANKER.——Well, you see, BANKER, a woman is so different. She does not carry a pipe or a tobacco pouch, or box of matches, that does away with the need for, say, two pockets. She cannot smoke out of doors, so has no use for a cigarette-case (there goes a third pocket). She need not carry a knife, because when she wishes to sharpen a pencil she can always use her husband's or brother's razor (that does for number four). She would not be a woman if she ever took the trouble to make a note of anything (no notebook accounts for number five). Her money she carries in a dainty little purse in her hand (there goes six and seven). Finally, her little watch and chain she pins to her blouse, which a man, having a watch the size of an ink-pot, could not do without carrying away the front of his coat (and that accounts for pockets eight and nine).

"WHEN a man enters a railway carriage," writes SMOKER, "in which there are already five aside, what is it that helps him to determine which side he shall make uncomfortable by squeezing himself in?"——You have a good deal to learn if you don't know that yet, SMOKER. It depends entirely on upon which side there sits a weak-minded man who will look up and catch his eye. When eight strong-minded men are in a carriage, and a ninth enters, they all become deeply interested in their papers, or stare at their boots as if they had never seen them before. The unfortunate ninth then picks out the mildest-looking of the lot, and says "Excuse me," balances on the extreme edge of the seat, and is horribly uncomfortable all the way. If a weak-minded man is present he will look up; the newcomer will catch his eye, and that involves a tacit understanding that the former has got to move up and make a fair, comfortable seat for the other. "Always keep your eye on *P.W.*" is a capital rule on crowded lines.

PECKHAM has been arguing with a friend as to what constitutes "a sense of humour." "I can always see and appreciate the point of a joke," writes PECKHAM, "and therefore I claim that I have a sense of humour, but my friend says it does not follow."——It certainly does not, PECKHAM. No term is so much abused as "the sense of humour." It by no means lies merely in the ability to laugh at a joke. He must be a very dull dog who cannot do that. No; it lies in being able to carry that sense into the every-day affairs of life; in being able to take a large-minded view of things, and not to be irritated or upset by trifles. The man with a true sense of humour is not the sort of person who is always going about with a grin on his face and button-holing everybody so as to tell his latest joke. It is the man who has the wits to fasten instantly upon the things that matter, to appreciate that they are, after all, very trifling little affairs when compared with the big facts of life, and so to see their amusing side.

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£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not *by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

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Signature.....

Available from 6 p.m., Thursday, February 7th, 1907, until midnight, Friday, February 15th, 1907.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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is the BEST SOAP.

It ensures the best results in the shortest time. Follow carefully the directions for its use, and you shall have the best of Washday, sweet clean clothes, less rubbing, less scrubbing.

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IN all true essentials of a perfect whisky, DEWAR'S 'WHITE LABEL' stands second to none. The encomiums showered upon this famous stimulant by expert judges corroborate this fact. As regards quality, age and flavor the excellence of DEWAR'S 'WHITE LABEL' WHISKY is unquestionable.

A Good Appetite comes only by having a perfect-acting liver and a good digestion—both can easily be obtained by using

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are a reliable remedy for the cure of Biliousness, Lassitude, Poor Appetite, Impaired Digestion, Costiveness, Wind and Pains in the Stomach, Discomfort after Meals, and all other troubles which arise from a disordered liver or stomach. They cleanse the system, give tone to the digestive organs, and will, if taken according to directions,

MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

to your physical condition, restoring you to sound and vigorous health. When your friends inquire into the cause, you can honestly give them the benefit of your experience should they appear to need it. This is the only form of testimonial the proprietor of BEECHAM'S PILLS is really proud of.

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